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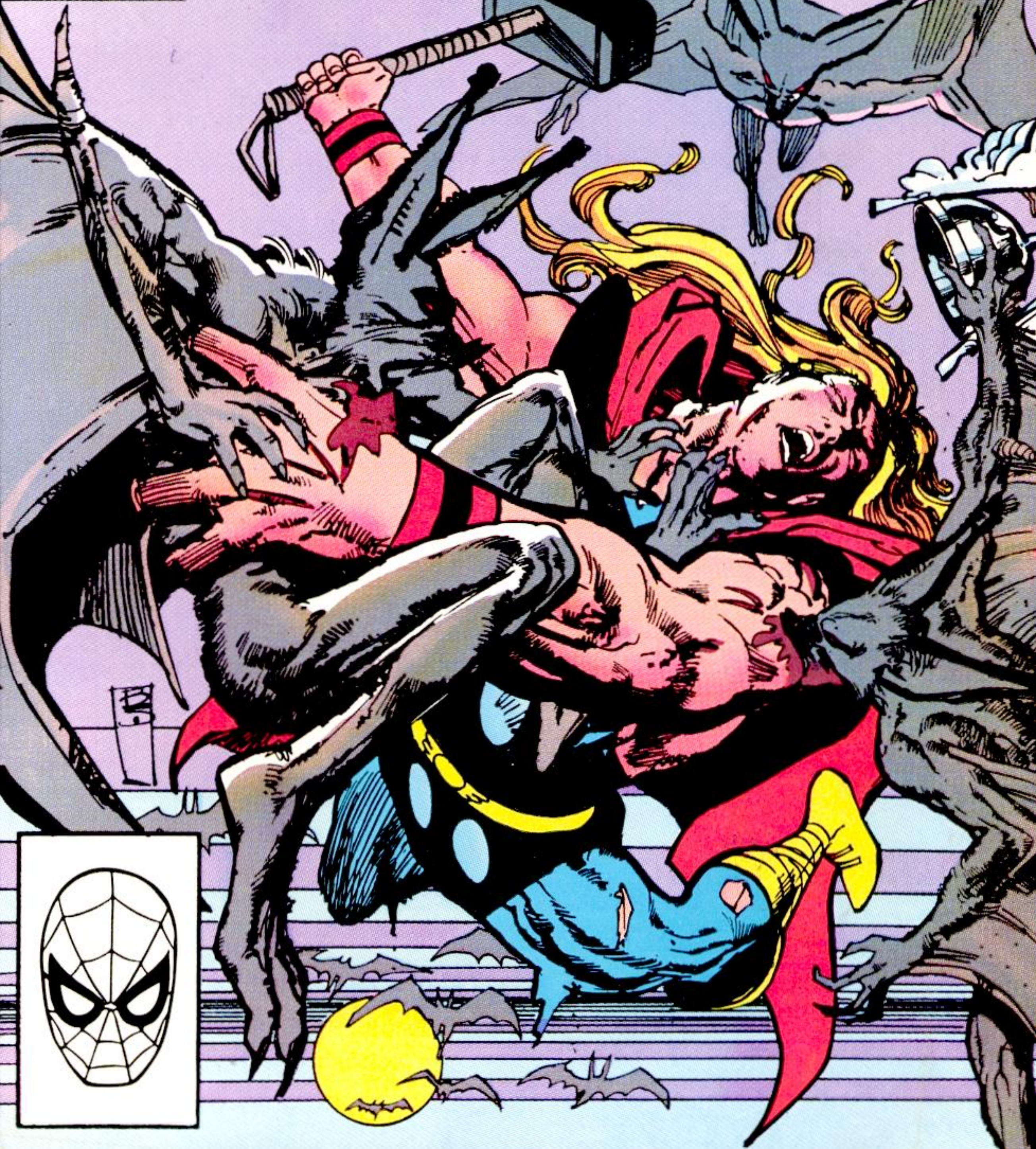
JUNE

MARVEL® COMICS GROUP

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THE
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THOR



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TM

BLOOD OF A GODDESS!

"LOOK, DOCTOR BLAKE, I KNOW ALL THIS HAPPENED SEVERAL YEARS AGO, BUT I'M A DETECTIVE AND IT'S MY JOB, SO LET'S SEE IF WE CAN'T JOG YOUR MEMORY A LITTLE..."

"... BACK WHEN JANE FOSTER WAS A HOSPITAL NURSE, YOU AND SHE WERE A HOT ITEM, BUT THEN THE TWO OF YOU CALLED IT SPLITS, OKAY?..."

"... SOME TIME PASSES. ONE DAY YOU MEET HER, TRY TO FAN THE OLD FLAMES, BUT SHE SAYS SHE'S IN LOVE WITH HER NEW BOSS, KEITH KINCAID, ALSO A DOCTOR. SO FAR IT'S POSSIBLE, RIGHT?"

"... NOW YOU'RE A LITTLE... UH... PEEVED. A LITTLE JEALOUS MAYBE. VOICES RISE. THREATS GET MADE. YOU PULL OUT A GUN --LOOK, MAYBE YOU DIDN'T REALLY MEAN IT-- POINT BLANK RANGE YOU SQUEEZE OFF A COUPLE OF ROUNDS. BANG! JANE FOSTER'S GONNA LOVE *NOBODY*..."

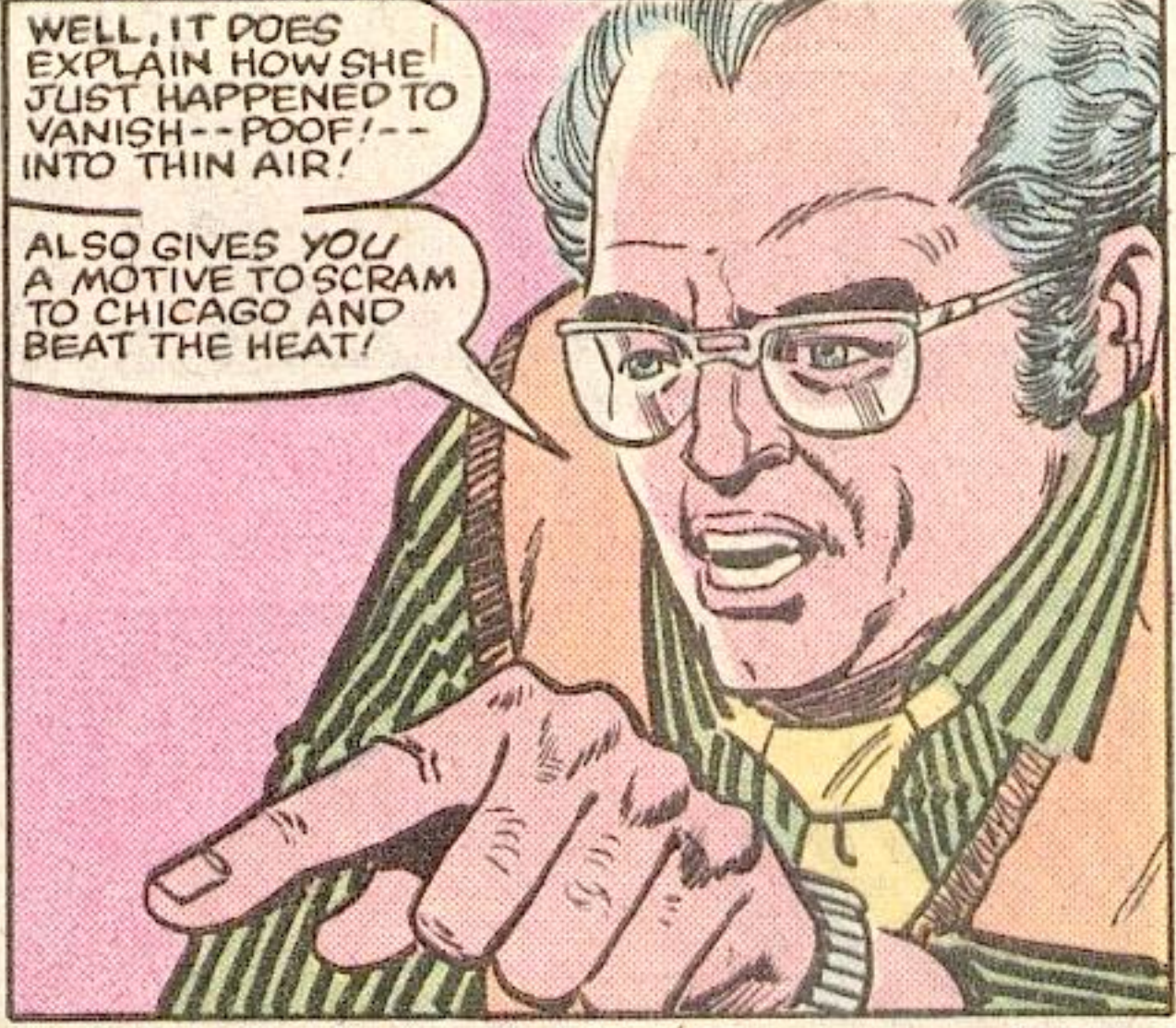


ALAN ZELENETZ DON PERLIN VINCE COLLETTA JANICE CHIANG GEORGE ROUSSOS MARK GRUENWALD JIM SHOOTER
SCRIPTER PENCILER INKER LETTERER COLORIST EDITOR EDITOR IN CHIEF

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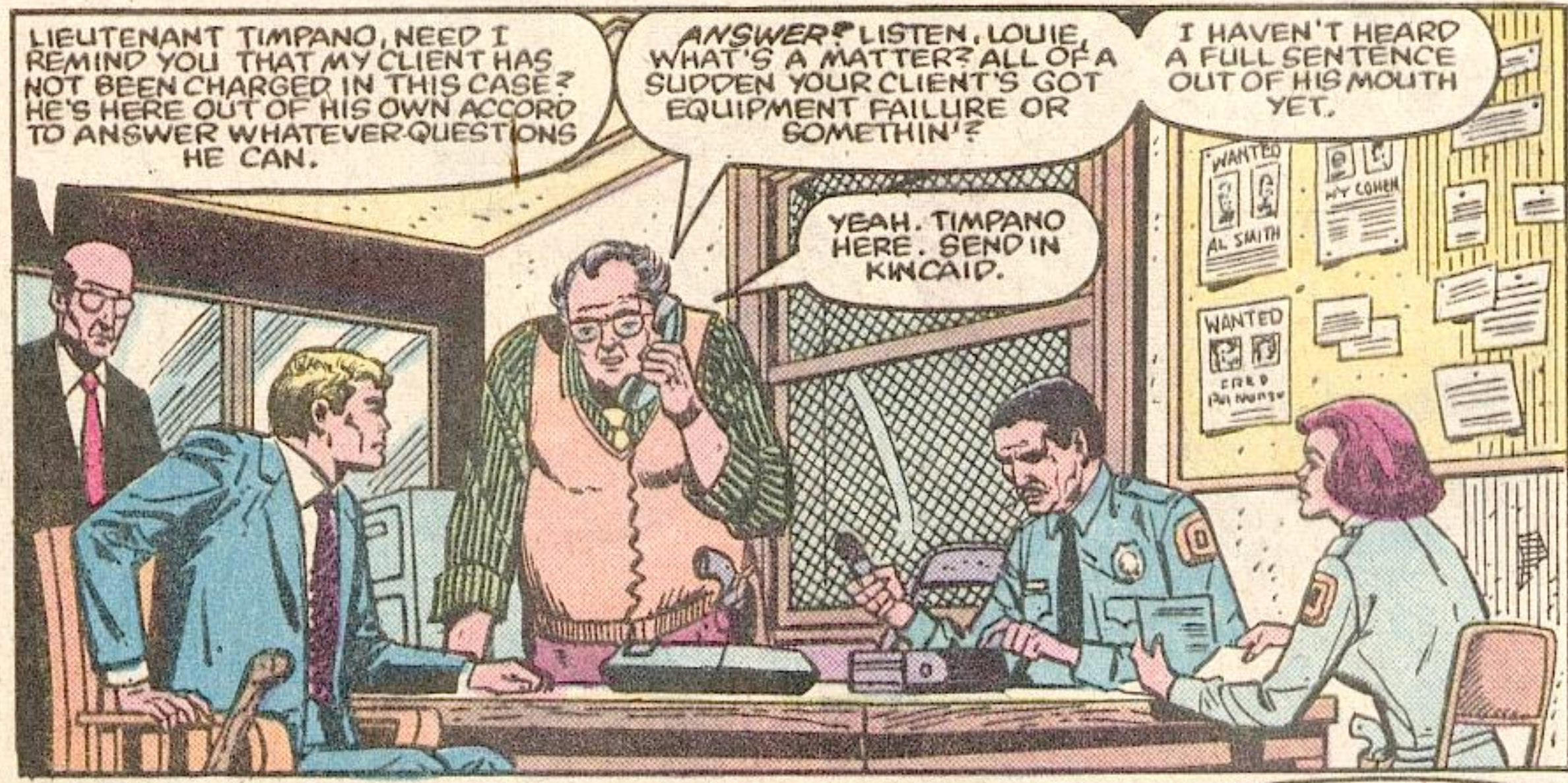


NO! THAT DID NOT HAPPEN!



WELL, IT DOES EXPLAIN HOW SHE JUST HAPPENED TO VANISH--POOF!-- INTO THIN AIR!

ALSO GIVES YOU A MOTIVE TO SCRAM TO CHICAGO AND BEAT THE HEAT!

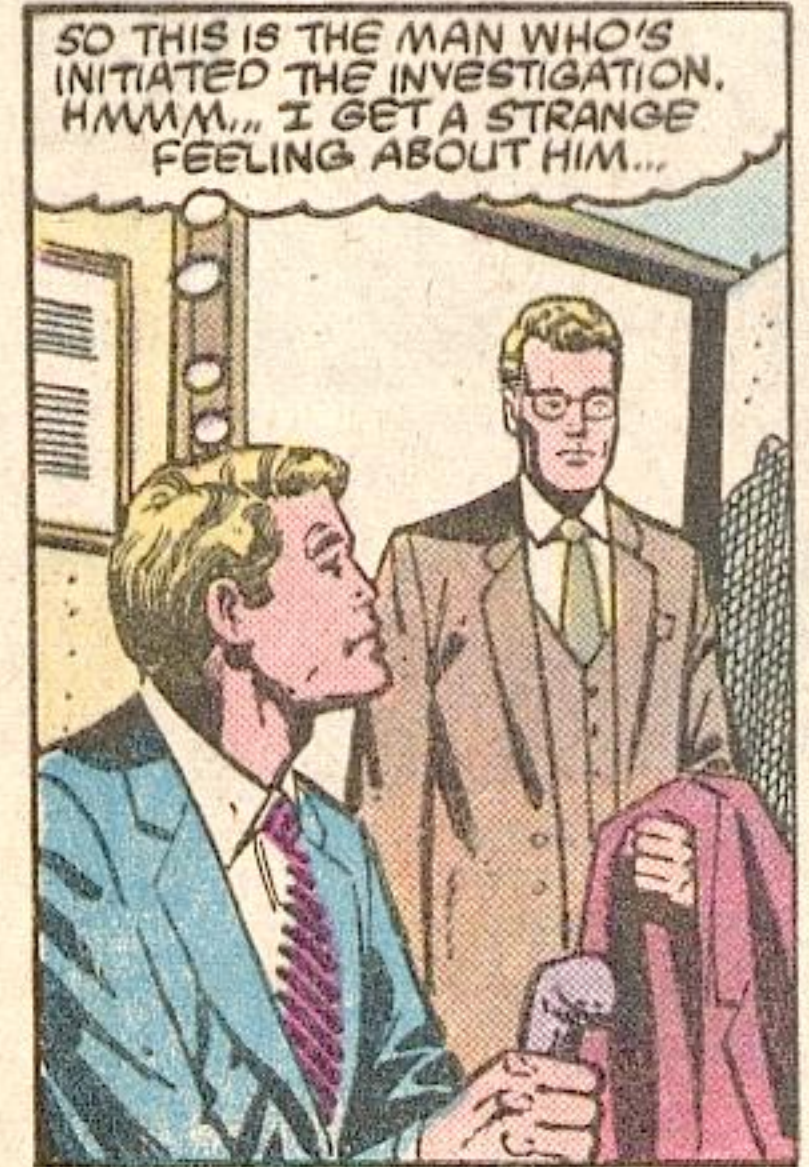


LIEUTENANT TIMPANO, NEED I REMIND YOU THAT MY CLIENT HAS NOT BEEN CHARGED IN THIS CASE? HE'S HERE OUT OF HIS OWN ACCORD TO ANSWER WHATEVER QUESTIONS HE CAN.

ANSWER? LISTEN, LOUIE, WHAT'S A MATTER? ALL OF A SUDDEN YOUR CLIENT'S GOT EQUIPMENT FAILURE OR SOMETHIN'?

I HAVEN'T HEARD A FULL SENTENCE OUT OF HIS MOUTH YET.

YEAH. TIMPANO HERE. SEND IN KINCAID.



SO THIS IS THE MAN WHO'S INITIATED THE INVESTIGATION. HMMM... I GET A STRANGE FEELING ABOUT HIM...

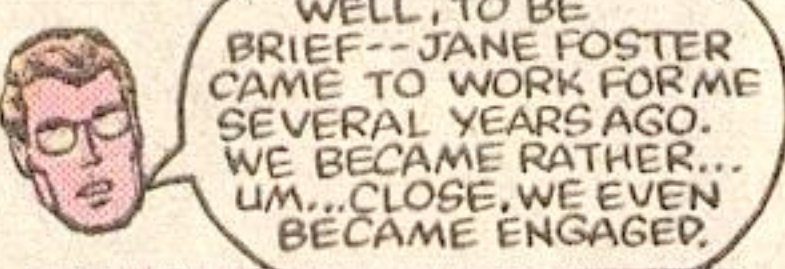


PLEASE, WARM A SEAT, DOCTOR KINCAID.

HEY, ANYBODY EVER TELL YOU TWO DOCS LOOK LIKE TWINS? NO RELATION IS THERE?

NO.

OKAY, DOCTOR KINCAID, IF YOU DON'T MIND REPEATING YOUR STORY FOR THE BENEFIT OF DOCTOR BLAKE HERE.



WELL, TO BE BRIEF-- JANE FOSTER CAME TO WORK FOR ME SEVERAL YEARS AGO. WE BECAME RATHER... UM... CLOSE, WE EVEN BECAME ENGAGED.



"ONE DAY, WHILE I WAS OUT OF TOWN ON BUSINESS, JANE SUDDENLY TOOK ILL AND WAS HOSPITALIZED. WHEN I GOT BACK SHE WAS GONE. I COULDN'T FIND ANY TRACE OF HER AFTER THAT ..."



* THOR # 231.

"... THOUGH PRIVATE DETECTIVES WHOM I'VE HAD ON THE CASE EVER SINCE HAVE FOUND SEVERAL WITNESSES WHO SWEAR THAT JANE WAS LAST SEEN WITH DONALD BLAKE... HER FORMER... EMPLOYER."



THAT'S YOU, HANDSOME. NOW WHAT'VE YOU GOT TO SAY?

NOTHING.

TALK UP--I CAN'T HEAR YOU.



HOW CAN I TELL THE TRUTH? JANE FOSTER AND I WERE INDEED IN LOVE ONCE...



"... SO MUCH SO THAT I REVEALED MYSELF TO HER IN MY TRUE IDENTITY OF THOR, IMMORTAL GOD OF THUNDER."



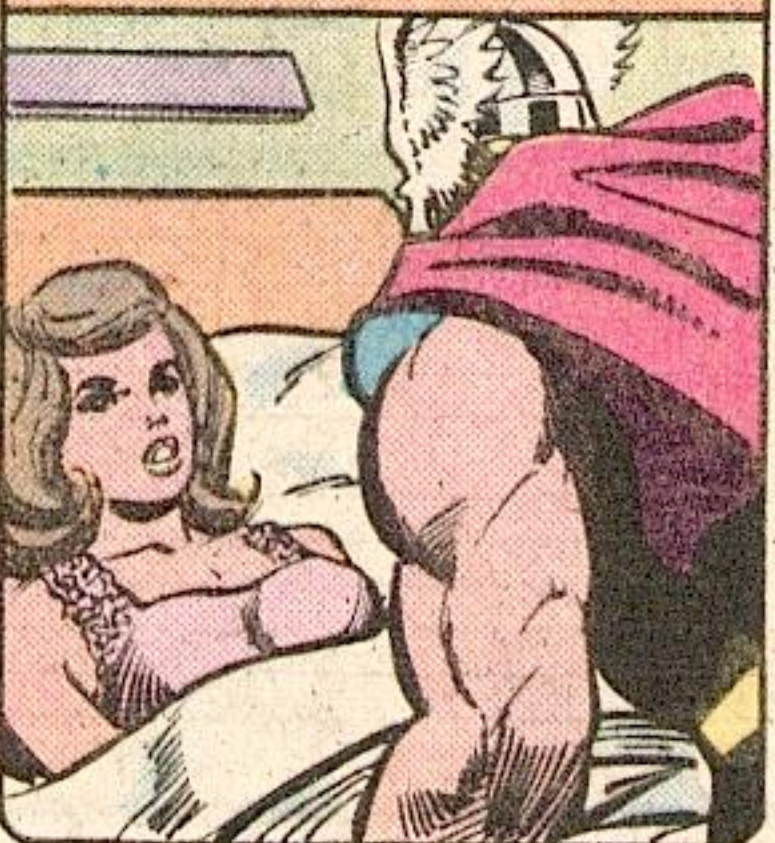
"AFTER MUCH PLEADING, I PREVAILED UPON MY FATHER ODIN TO GRANT JANE IMMORTALITY. HE POSED HER A TEST..."



"BUT SHE FAILED."

"ODIN BANISHED HER FROM ASGARD AND SENT HER TO WORK FOR KINCAID, HAVING NO RECOLLECTION OF HER LOVE FOR DONALD BLAKE."

"BUT WHEN SHE FELL ILL ONE DAY AND LAY CLOSE TO DEATH, SHE CALLED FOR ME IN HER DELIRIUM. THOUGH I WAS IN LOVE WITH THE GODDESS SIF, MY FEELINGS FOR JANE WERE REKINDLED. STILL, I COULD DO NOTHING TO HEAL HER."



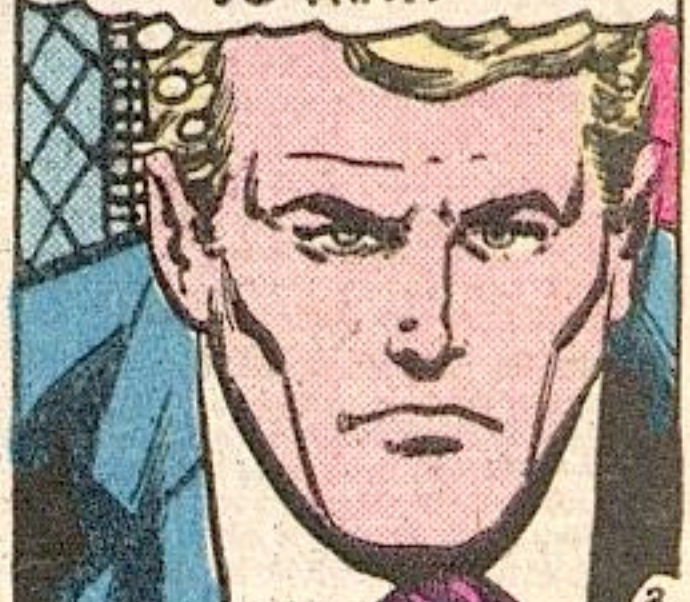
"THE GODDESS SIF, HOWEVER, WHOSE LOVE FOR THOR WAS GREATER EVEN THAN HIS FOR JANE FOSTER, STOLE THE ENCHANTED RUNESTAFF OF RAMO THARNN..."



"... AND WITH IT SHE REVIVED JANE BY TRANSFERRING HER OWN LIVING ENERGY INTO JANE'S BODY."

WHEN JANE RETURNED TO ASGARD WITH THOR, SHE TRANSFORMED INTO SIF AGAIN. BUT NOW SIF HERSELF HAS COME TO EARTH, AND JANE'S BODY HAS VANISHED.

I CAN'T EXPLAIN ANY OF THIS WITHOUT DESTROYING MY IDENTITY AS DONALD BLAKE... AND I'M NOT PREPARED TO DO THAT.



LISTEN, DOC, I DON'T USUALLY MAKE JUDGEMENT CALLS, BUT I'VE BEEN AT THIS BUSINESS TOO LONG NOT TO RECOGNIZE WHEN SOME JOE'S STONE-WALLING IT.

AS IT STANDS, THOUGH, WE'VE GOT NOTHING TO BOOK YA ON.

WHICH DOESN'T MEAN I WON'T BE CHECKIN' UP ON YA FOR A WHILE. NICE TALKIN' TA YA.

I'D LIKE TO SPEAK TO KINCAID, BUT NOT RIGHT NOW.

COMING, DON?



THANKS FOR THE RUSH JOB, LOU. THIS WHOLE THING JUST HIT OUT OF THE CLEAR BLUE.

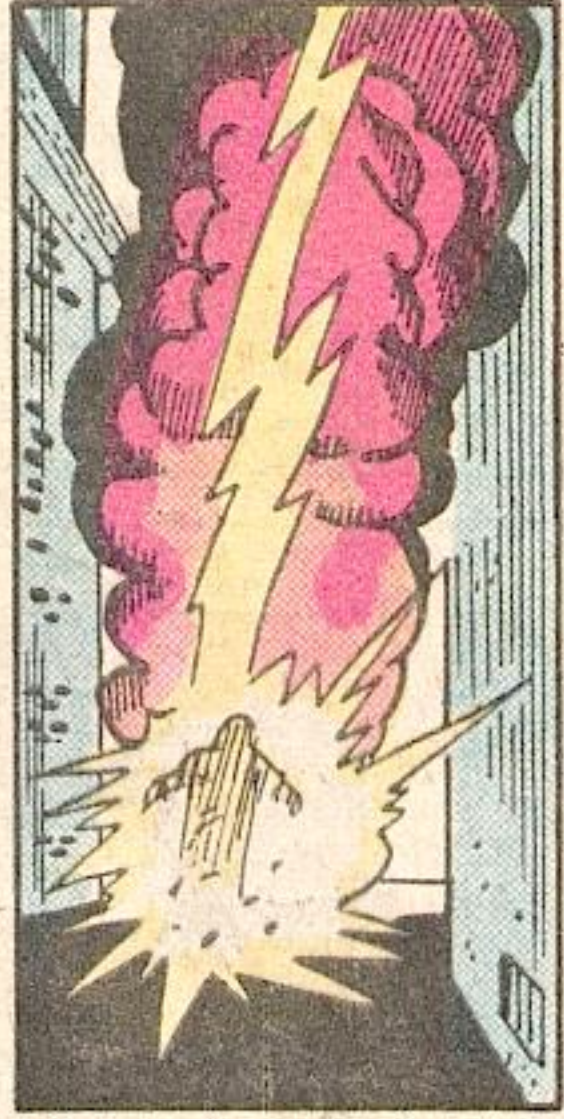
AFTER I DO SOME QUICK CHECKING ON THINGS IN NEW YORK MYSELF.

NO SWEAT, DON. BUT WE'LL REALLY HAVE TO SIT AND SHMOOZE A LITTLE.

WELL, NOT REALLY MYSELF BUT, RATHER--

I'M REALLY NOT FAMILIAR WITH THE YEARS YOU SPENT IN NEW YORK

SURE THING. I'LL RING YOU LATER.



--THOR, GOD OF THUNDER!



NOW MY ENCHANTED URU HAMMER MJOLNIR SHALL CARRY ME ACROSS THE SKIES TO THE CITY OF NEW YORK WHERE LAST THE RUNESTAFF OF KAMO THARNN WAS SEEN.



PERHAPS IT POSSESSES THE KEY TO THIS MYSTERY. JANE FOSTER MUST BE FOUND!

MEANWHILE, IN A BOUTIQUE AREA NEARBY, THE GODDESS SIF HAS JUST COMPLETED A MORNING OF SHOPPING...

'TIS DIFFICULT PRETENDING TO BE A MORTAL, FOR MY SPIRITS CANNOT ABIDE THE SNAIL'S PACE OF HUMANS HERE ON MIDGARD.

STILL, THOR WILL BE CHEERED THAT I HAVE ACQUIRED EARTHLY FASHIONS IN ORDER TO PLAY THE ROLE OF DONALD BLAKE'S COUSIN SIBYL.

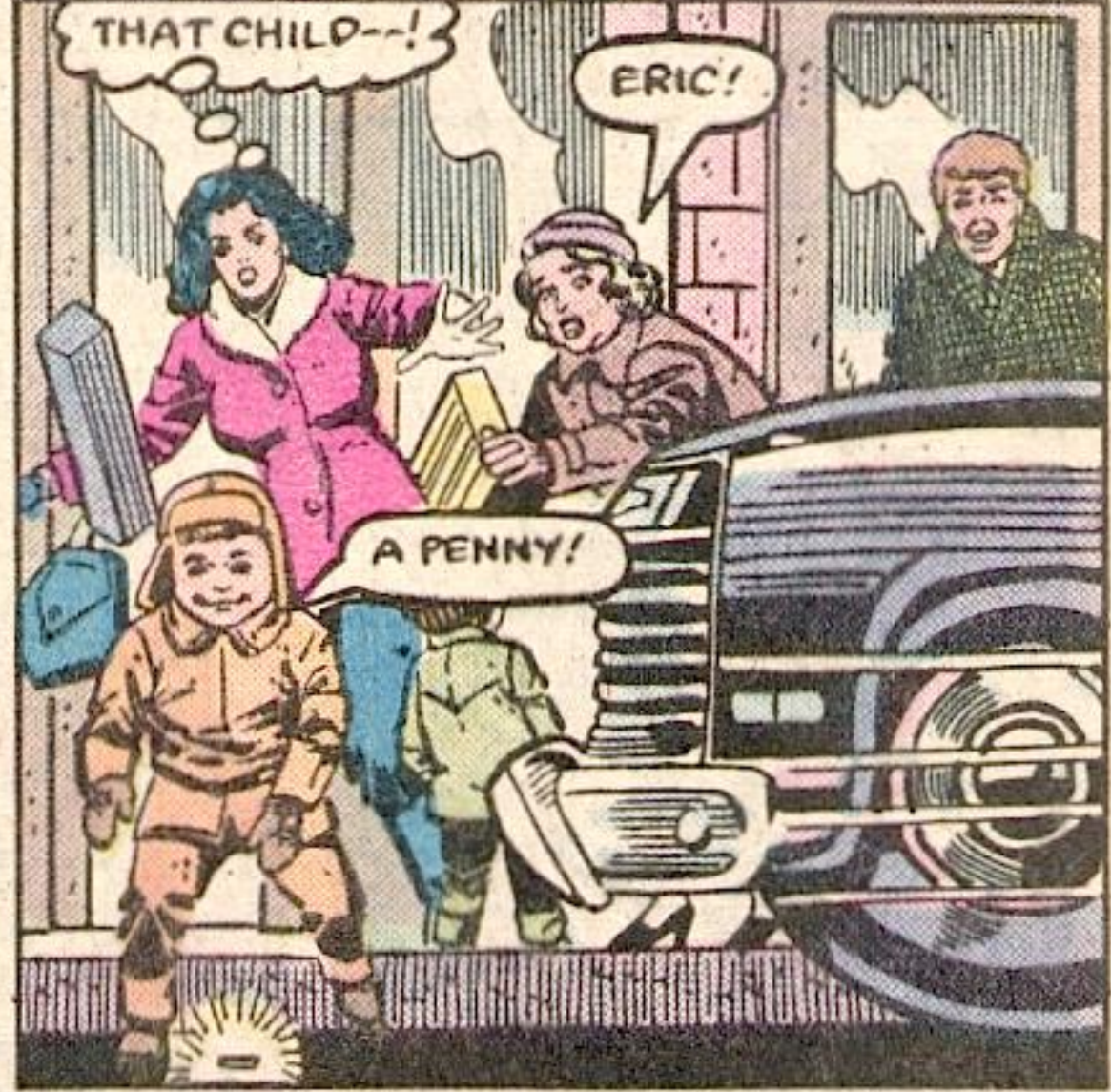
NOW BUTTON UP WELL. WE DON'T NEED YOU CATCHING WHATEVER'S GOING AROUND.



THAT CHILD--!

ERIC!

A PENNY!



I MUST CATCH THIS CAR...

... THEN PRESS UPON IT WITH MY GODLY STRENGTH SO THAT ITS WHEELS MAY NOT SPIN.



I'M SORRY, LADY-- THE KID CAME OUTTA NOWHERE.

ERIC! THANK GOODNESS!

BUT HOW'D'YA LIKE THEM BRAKES?!



I'M NOT SURE WHAT YOU DID THERE, MA'AM, BUT YOU MANAGED TO SAVE THAT BOY'S LIFE. HERE LET ME GIVE YOU A HAND.

WOOPS, MY PAPER--



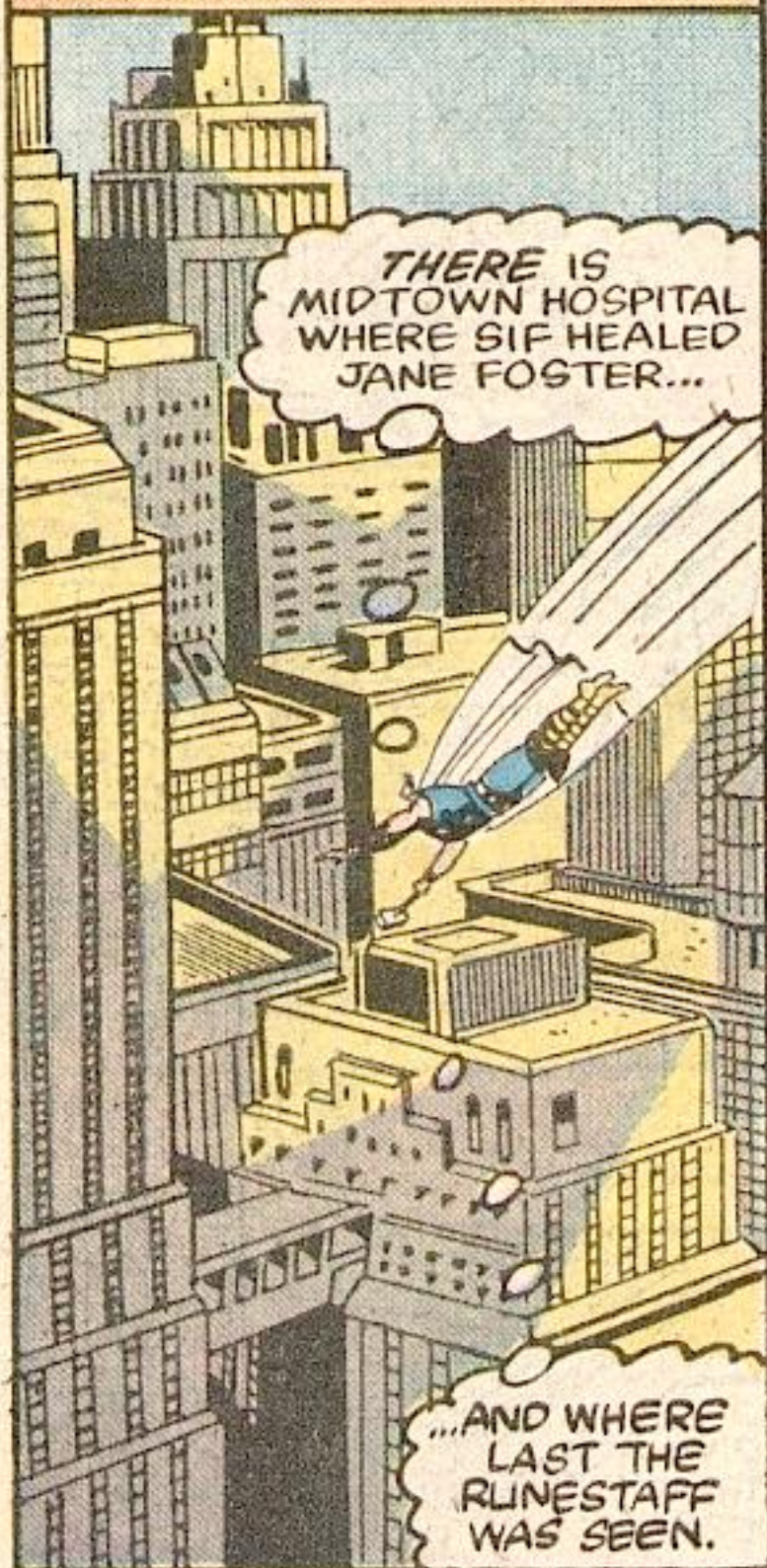
DONALD BLAKE?! OH, NO!



I MUST FIND THOR! THIS MIDGARDIAN LIFE HATH MORE CRISES THAN EVER LOKI, GOD OF MISCHIEF CONJURED IN THE HEAVENS!



BUT THOR AT THAT MOMENT IS SOME 800 MILES EAST IN NEW YORK CITY...



THERE IS MIDTOWN HOSPITAL WHERE SIF HEALED JANE FOSTER...

...AND WHERE LAST THE RUNESTAFF WAS SEEN.

SOON INSIDE.

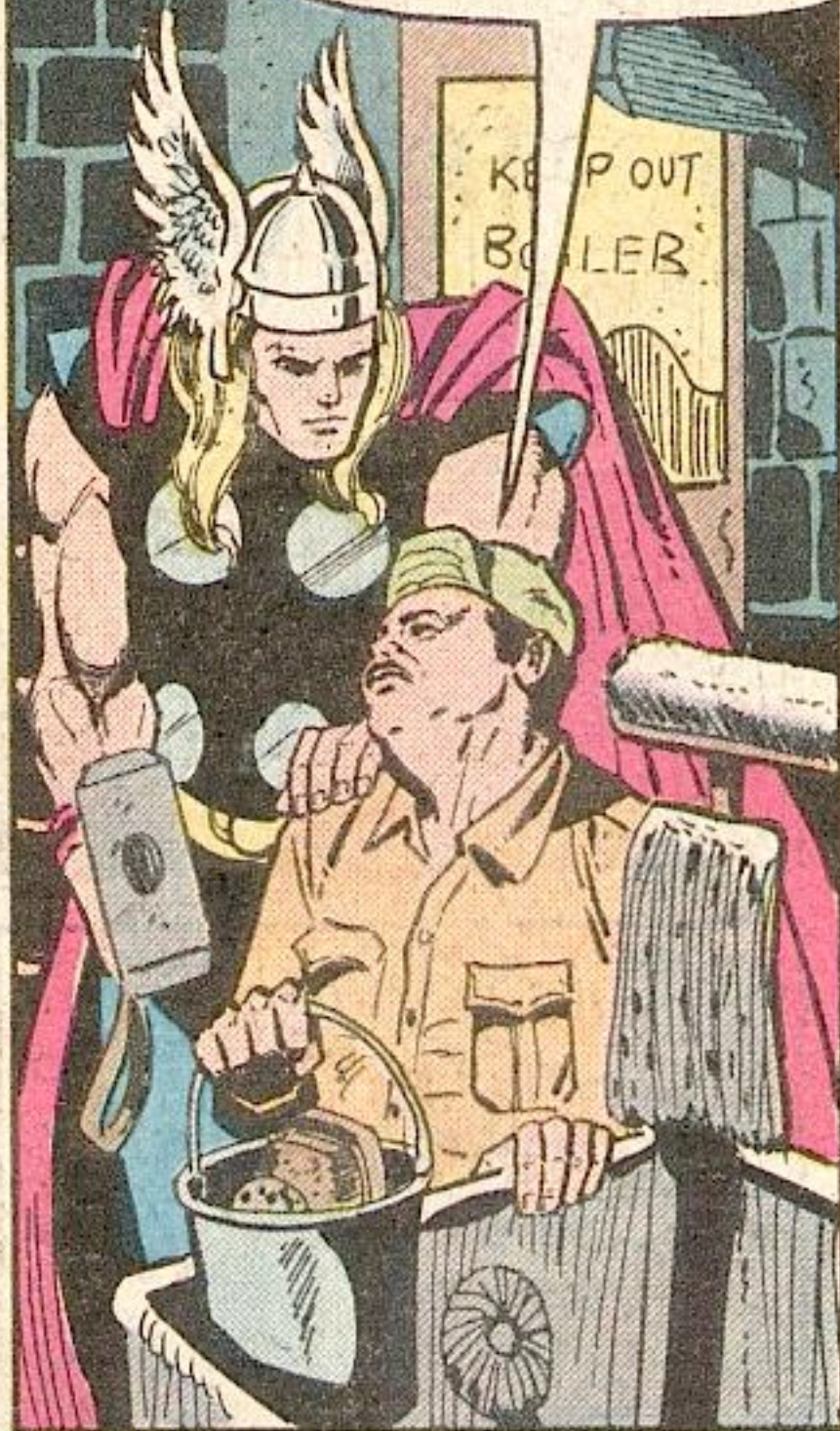
THAT'S ALL THERE IS TO ROOM 672, THOR. AS I SAID, ANYTHING THAT MAY HAVE BEEN LEFT BEHIND WOULD HAVE GONE DOWN INTO STORAGE ON THE BASEMENT LEVEL.

THAT'S OLI SUNDVAL'S TERRITORY. HE'S BEEN SUPERINTENDENT HERE FOR THE LAST THIRTY YEARS OR SO.



AND...

YA, I REMEMBER IT, THOR. A LONG STAFF WITH A LION'S HEAD. TO TELL THE TRUTH, I THOUGHT IT WOULD BRING ME A BIG REWARD.



BUT THEN VUN MORNING IT VAS GONE.

I... SEE. THANK YOU.

'TIS INDEED LIKE SEEKING A SINGLE MOTE OF DUST IN THE SEA OF SPACE.



I CANNOT SEARCH FOREVER. NOR WOULD I ASK THE AID OF AGGARD IN ANOTHER EARTHLY QUANDRY AS I DID ONLY YESTERDAY WHEN THE CRUSADER CHALLENGED ME.

BELOW ME IS AVENGERS' MANSION. PERHAPS MY MORTAL FRIENDS CAN HELP ME.

AND, FINDING NEW MEMBERS CAPTAIN MARVEL AND STARFOX THE ONLY AVENGERS PRESENT...

THAT IS MY PLIGHT, MY FRIENDS. THOUGH YOU HAVE ONLY RECENTLY JOINED THE AVENGERS, I WOULD APPRECIATE ANY AID YOU COULD GIVE.

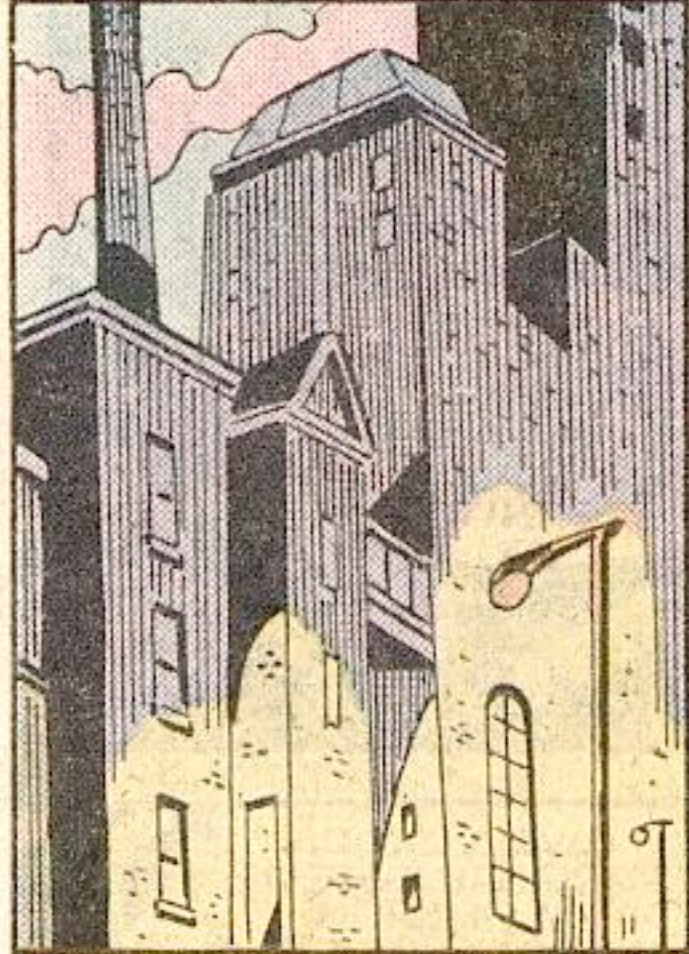




ABSOLUTELY, THOR. WE'LL KEEP OUR EYES AND EARS OPEN.

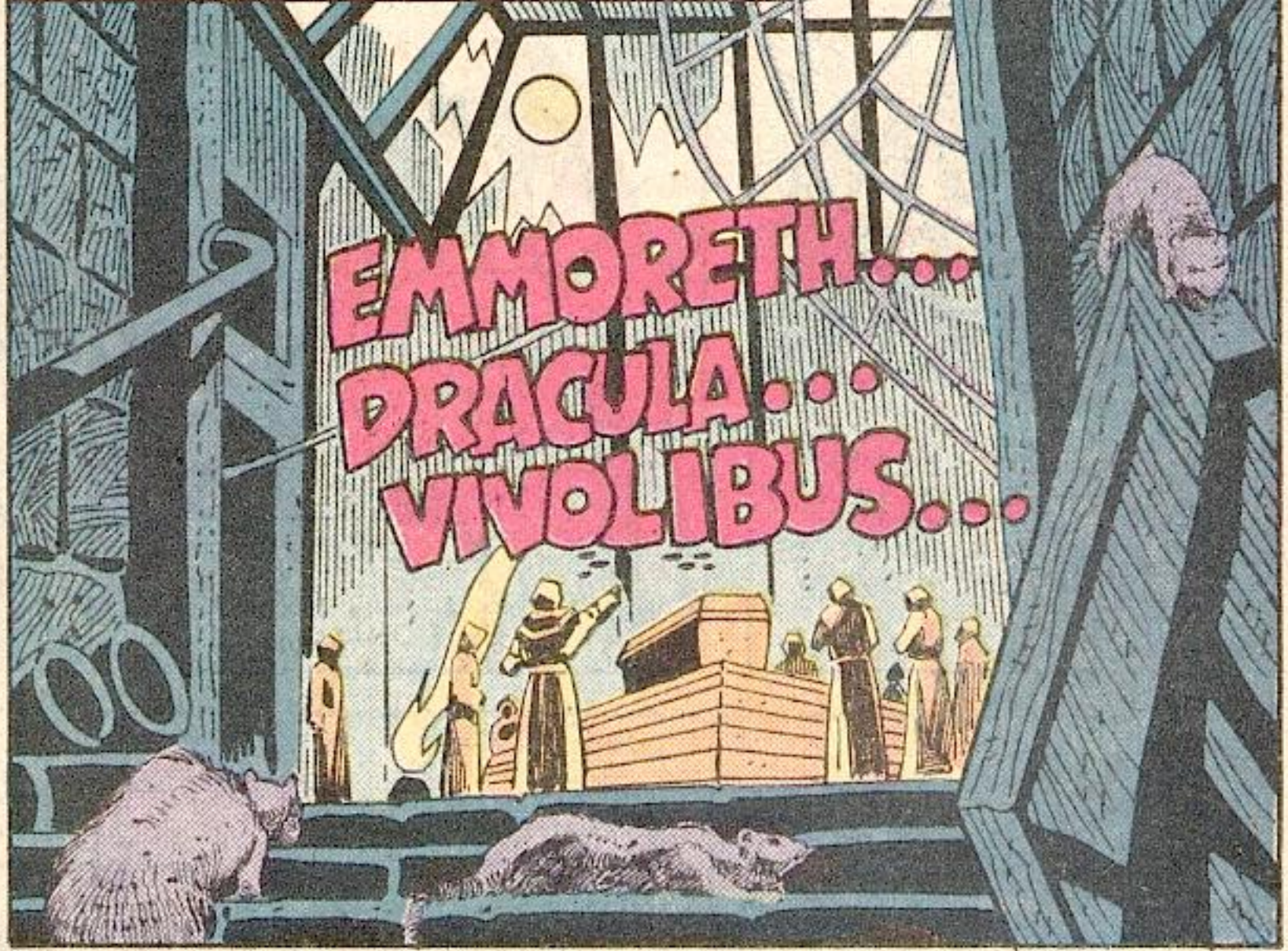
SURE, WE'LL ALSO INFORM THE OTHERS WHEN WE SEE THEM.

DISTURBED BY HIS LACK OF SUCCESS, THE PRINCE OF ASGARD SETS COURSE BACK TO CHICAGO WHERE IT IS NOW EVENING...



...AND WHERE, BEHIND THE DOORS OF AN ORDINARY LOOKING APARTMENT HOUSE...

A MOST EXTRAORDINARY CEREMONY IS BEING CONDUCTED AT THIS HOUR...



EMMORETH...
DRACULA...
VINDLIBUS...

THE BIZARRE CHANTING ALL BUT DROWNS OUT THE CREAK OF THE HINGED COFFIN LID...



YES, MY CHILDREN! YOUR PRAYERS HAVE BEEN ANSWERED!

DRACULA... YOUR LORD AND MASTER... WALKS AMONG YOU THIS NIGHT!



YOUR FAITH IN THE RITUAL HAS BEEN REWARDED! WITH EACH PASSING NIGHT MY POWER GROWS!

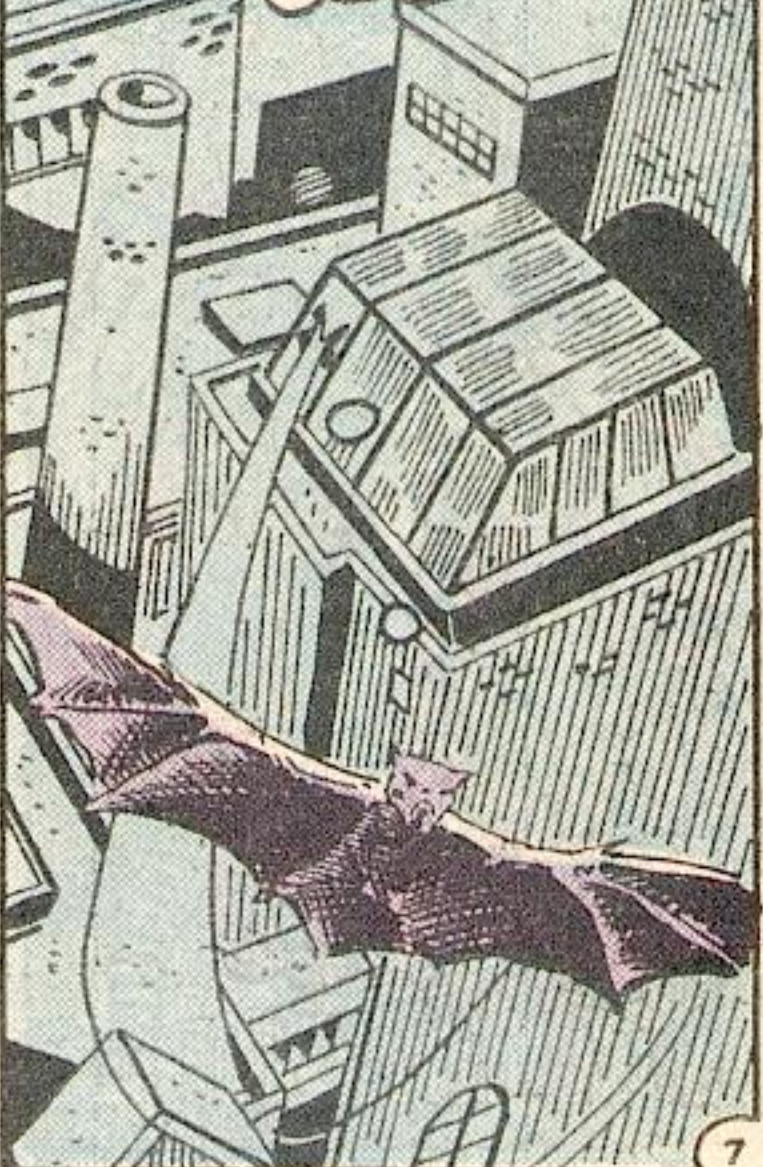
SOON I SHALL TRULY BE IMMORTAL!

AND ON THAT DAY, ALL OF HUMANITY WILL BOW DOWN BEFORE ME!



BUT NOW, BEFORE THE RITUAL CONTINUES, DRACULA SHALL SPREAD HIS EBON WINGS...

... AND FOR SHEER PLEASURE TASTE THE CRIMSON ELIXIR OF LIFE FROM MORTAL VEINS!



THAT EVENING, IN CHICAGO...



...THOUGH SHE HAS LIVED MANY TIMES THE SPAN OF ANY MORTAL, STILL THE GODDESS SIF FEELS THE WEIGHT OF EVERY PASSING MINUTE AS SHE ANXIOUSLY SCOURS THE SKY FOR HER MISSING PRINCE...

MY NOBLE LORD THOR! I HAVE SOUGHT THEE THROUGHOUT THE CITY.

A HUNDRED PARDONS, MY LADY! BUT THE PLIGHT OF DONALD BLAKE DREW ME HENCE.



I HAVE SEEN THE TROUBLESOME NEWS CONCERNING DONALD BLAKE.

MY LOVE-- DOST THOU NOW OWN CAUSE ENOUGH TO FORSAKE YOUR MORTAL GUISE?



THEN MIGHT I GAZE UPON THY GODLY COUNTEenance FOR ALL ETERNITY.



THOR, HOW I LONG TO EMBRACE THEE IN MY ARMS, AND--

AND I THEE.

SWEET SIF, I COULD NOT FIND THE MYSTIC RUNESTAFF. THINK, MY GODDESS, WHERE MIGHT IT BE?

I KNOW NOT, THOR.



DOTH DWELLING ON MIDGARD SAP THEE OF THY VERY PASSION FOR ME, MY PRINCE?



WHAT POWER DOES THE PRINCE OF DARKNESS SENSE BELOW?

A WHILE LATER,
AT NEARBY
SCHECHTER
HIGH...

I'M ZONKED. THESE ALL-
NIGHT YEARBOOK MEETINGS
ARE THE PITS.

BOY, IT'S FOGGY OUT
HERE. HEY, STEPHANIE,
HOPE JACK THE RIPPER
DOESN'T CREEP UP ON
YOU--BOO!

YOU'RE
SUCH A ZOP,
JEFF!

ANYBODY WANNA
COME OVER AN' PLAY
ALL-NIGHT ATARI?

YOU GOTTA BE KIDDIN',
RICHIE. MAN, HOW DO YOU
ACE ALL THOSE TESTS
WITHOUT ANY SLEEP?

SEE YA.

'NIGHT,
I'LL PICK
YOU UP
AROUND
EIGHT.

TAKE
IT EASY,
GUYS.

JUST TALENTED, I GUESS.

RIGHTO, JULIE.
I'LL REMEMBER TO
TAPE GENERAL
HOSPITAL ON THE
BETAMAX. G'NIGHT
NOW, DOLLFACE.

OHMIGOD,
JEFF, THAT
YUKKY FOG,
IT'S LIKE,
FOLLOWING
US!

Y'KNOW, YOU'RE
RIGHT, STEPH--

I FEEL LIKE WE'RE
IN FRIDAY THE
THIRTEENTH!

LET'S SPLIT
QUICK, GUYS!

IT... IT'S REALLY AFTER US!



HELP!



DO NOT CRY FOR HELP, I WILL NOT HARM YOU. ONLY GAZE INTO MY EYES...



AND SEE THEREIN THE POWER OF INFERNAL DARKNESS.



DOES IT NOT BECKON YOU?



DO YOU NOT LONG TO BECOME BLOOD-CHILDREN OF DRACULA!?





NEXT MORNING, COMMUNITY GENERAL HOSPITAL...



I DON'T KNOW WHAT ELSE THERE IS TO SAY, SIR, EXCEPT THAT I'VE GOT EVERY AVAILABLE MAN WORKING ROUND-THE-CLOCK.

IF IT'S ANY COMFORT, I PROMISE YOU ONCE WE APPREHEND THE VICIOUS ANIMAL WHO DID THIS TO YOUR KIDS WE'RE GOING TO NAIL HIM HARD.



SWEET JUSTICE! SO WHATTA YA SAY, MS. ASSITANT D.A.? IS THIS GETTIN' TO BE SHARK CITY OR WHAT?

POOR CHILDREN!

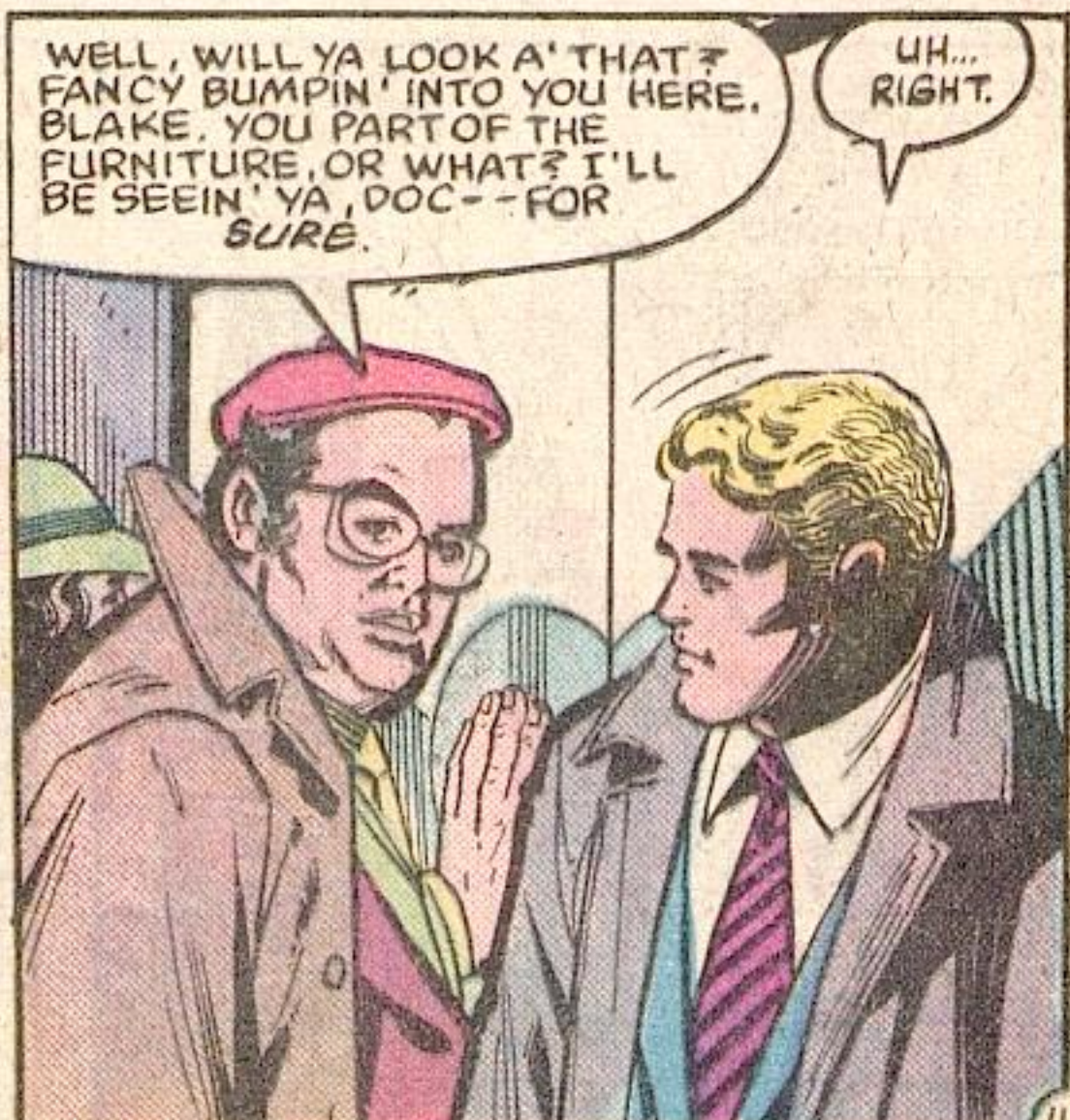


HEY, DON, I KNOW YOU'RE HERE TO CHECK UP ON YOUR SURGERY PATIENTS, BUT CAN YOU SPARE A MINUTE TO LOOK AT SOMETHING IN THE MORGUE?

SURE, JERRY.



THANKS. Y'KNOW, I'LL TELL YOU, I'M NOT PROUD -- IF THAT THOR FELLA'S AN HONORARY CITIZEN, I SURE AS HOMICIDE ON NEW YEAR'S COULD USE HIM ON THIS CASE.



WELL, WILL YA LOOK A' THAT? FANCY BUMPIN' INTO YOU HERE, BLAKE. YOU PART OF THE FURNITURE, OR WHAT? I'LL BE SEEIN' YA, DOC -- FOR SURE.

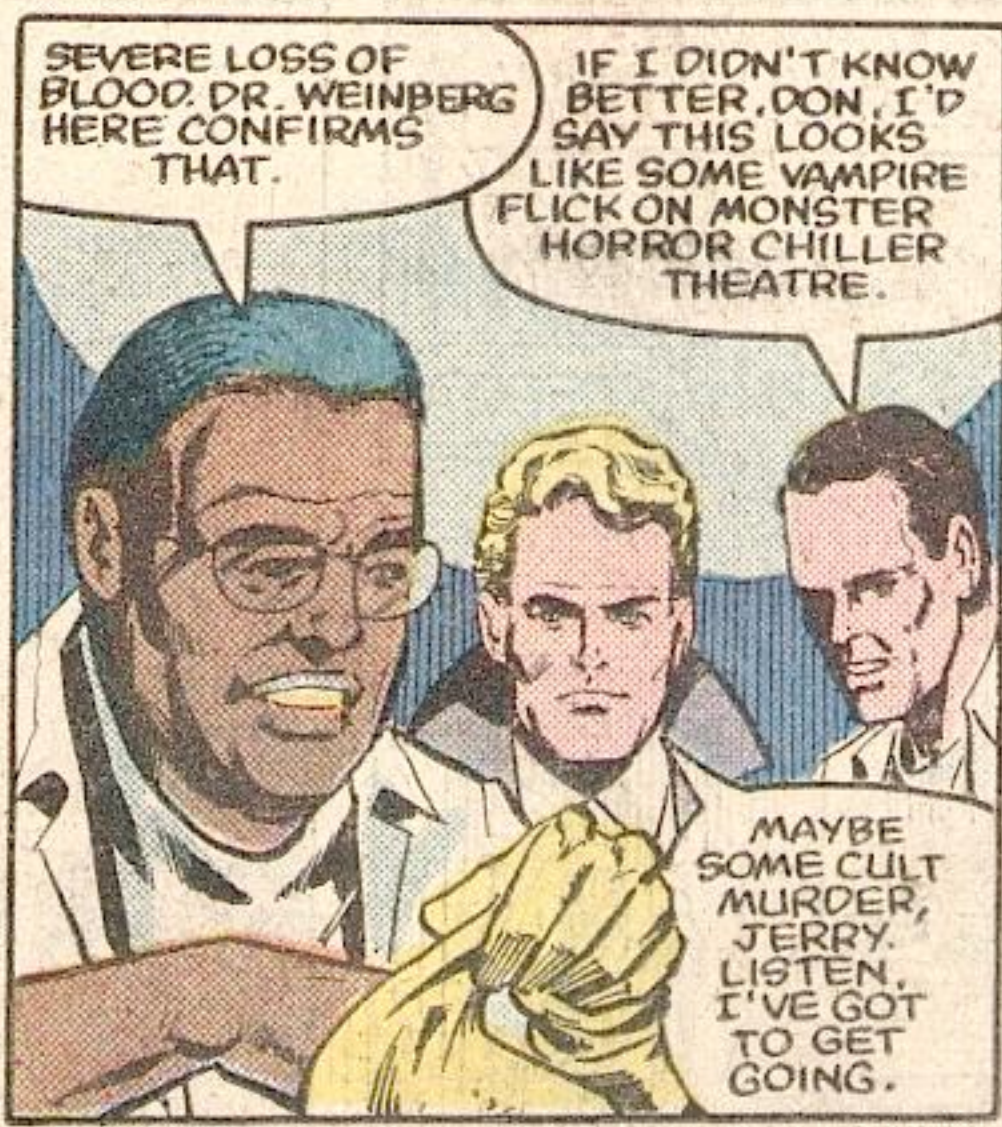
UH... RIGHT.



WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF THESE NECK WOUNDS, DR. BLAKE?

THREE NEIGHBORHOOD KIDS CAME IN LIKE THIS, AND THERE'S A FOURTH UNIDENTIFIED MAN WE'VE GOT IN THE FREEZER.

CAUSE OF DEATH?



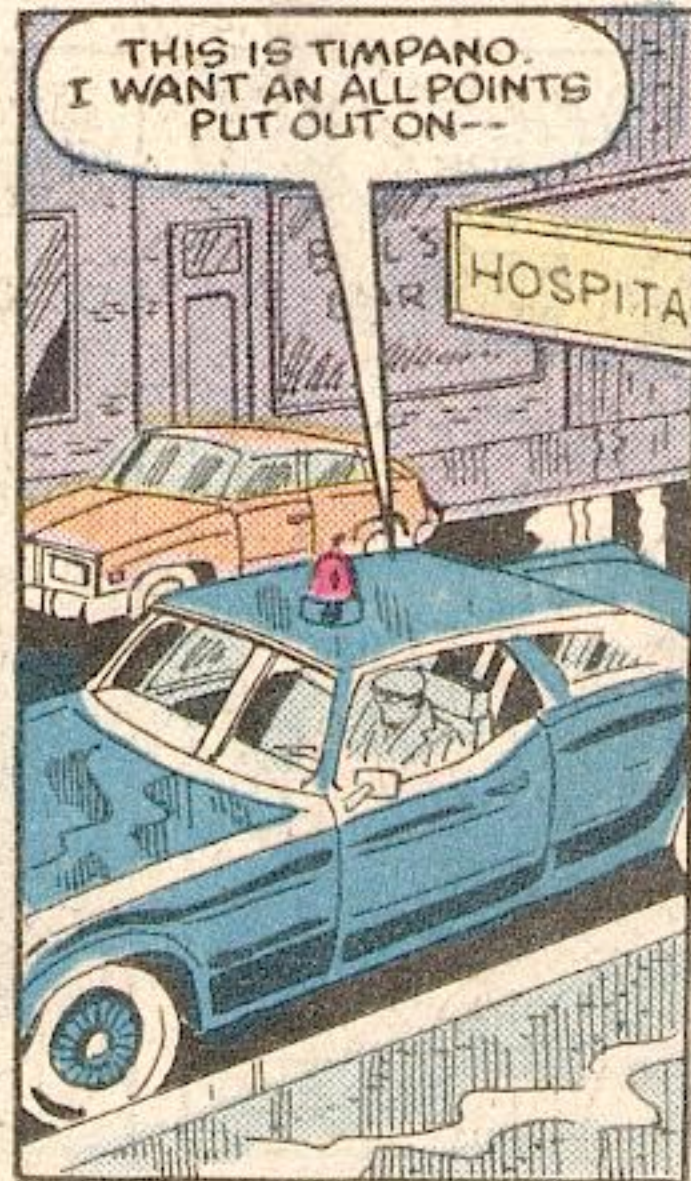
SEVERE LOSS OF BLOOD. DR. WEINBERG HERE CONFIRMS THAT.

IF I DIDN'T KNOW BETTER, DON, I'D SAY THIS LOOKS LIKE SOME VAMPIRE FLICK ON MONSTER HORROR CHILLER THEATRE.

MAYBE SOME CULT MURDER, JERRY. LISTEN, I'VE GOT TO GET GOING.



SO, LIEUTENANT TIMPANO NEEDS THOR'S HELP. THAT COULD BE A FUTURE PLUS FOR DONALD BLAKE.



THIS IS TIMPANO. I WANT AN ALL POINTS PUT OUT ON--

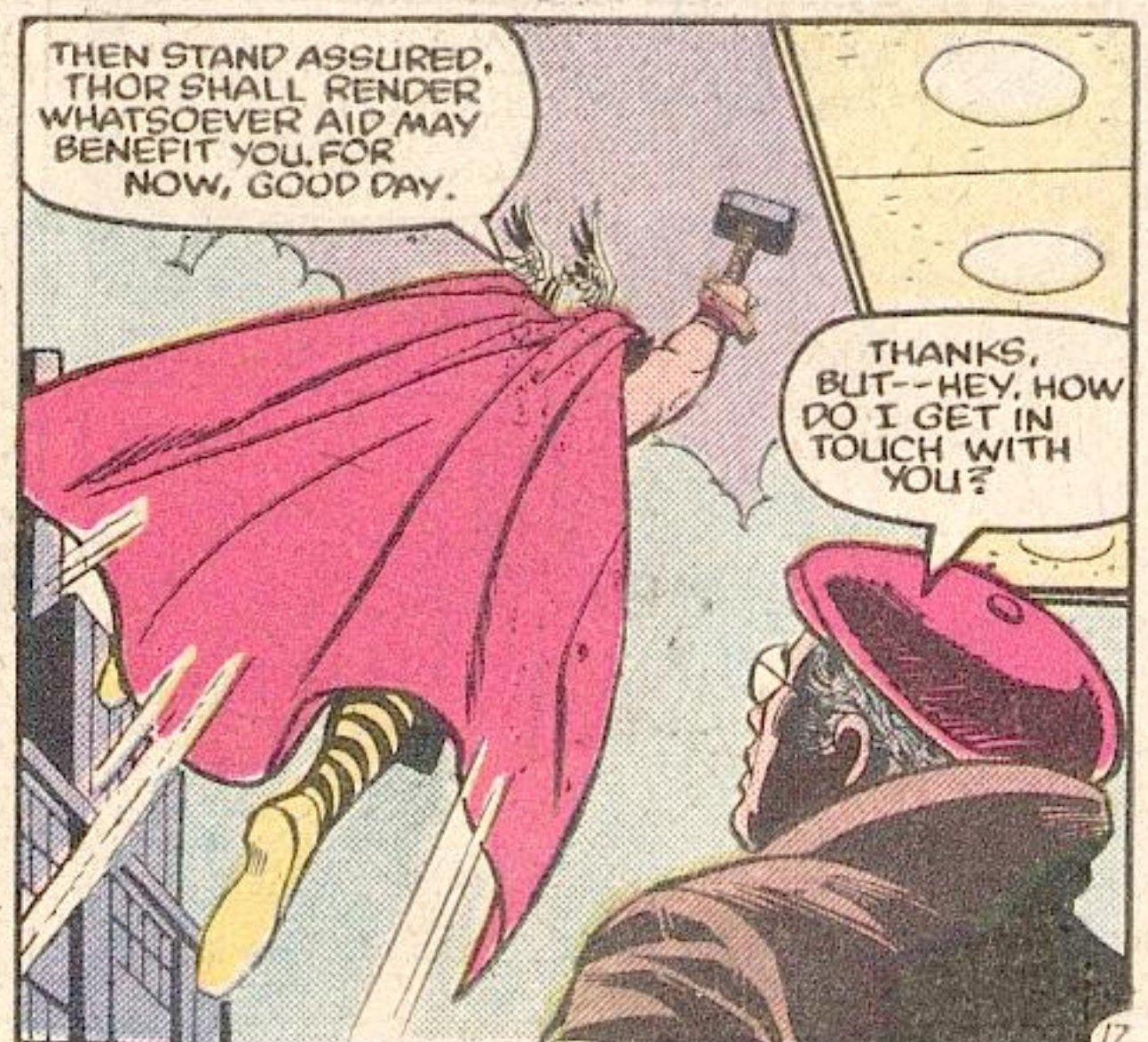


-- THOR! SPEAK OF THE SUPER HERO!



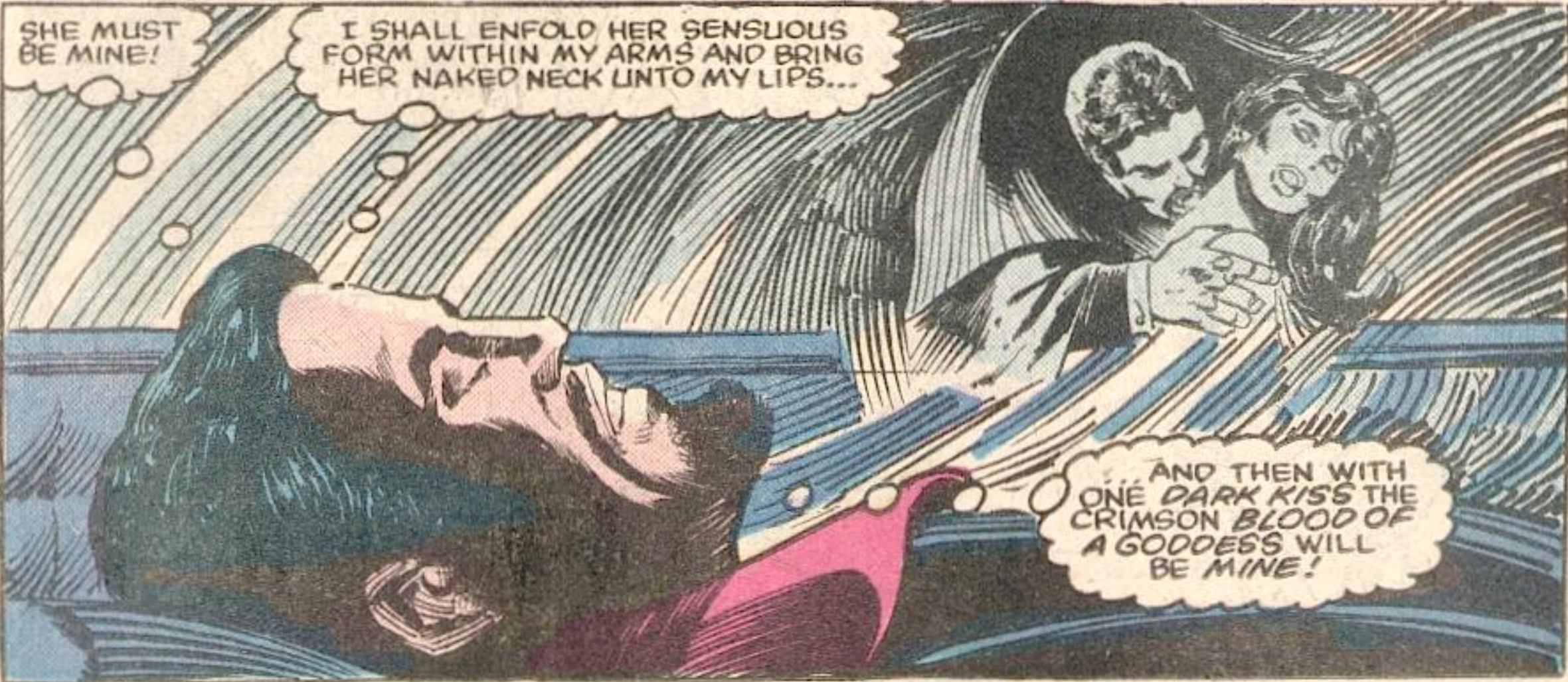
YOU ARE LIEUTENANT TIMPANO? WOULD YOU ACCEPT MY ASSISTANCE IN YOUR INVESTIGATION?

SURE-- BUT WHAT'VE YOU GOT, SUPER HEARING, TOO?



THEN STAND ASSURED, THOR SHALL RENDER WHATSOEVER AID MAY BENEFIT YOU. FOR NOW, GOOD DAY.

THANKS, BUT-- HEY, HOW DO I GET IN TOUCH WITH YOU?



THE DAYS TURN INTO NIGHTS...

IT'S FOUR DAYS NOW AND I HAVEN'T COME UP WITH ONE SINGLE CLUE. I REFUSE TO ASK MY FATHER ODIN'S AID AGAIN, BUT I'M STYMIED.

THE AVENGERS HAVEN'T REALLY BEEN MUCH HELP, THOUGH I CAN'T SAY THAT I BLAME THEM. THIS SORT OF MYSTIC--

--WAIT! THAT'S IT! DOCTOR STRANGE, MASTER OF THE MYSTIC ARTS. HE'LL BE ABLE TO HELP ME--

...WHILE THOR AND HIS MORTAL COUNTERPART DONALD BLAKE, OBSESSED WITH THE MYSTERY OF THE RUNESTAFF, CAN THINK OF LITTLE ELSE.

HELP THOR, THAT IS.

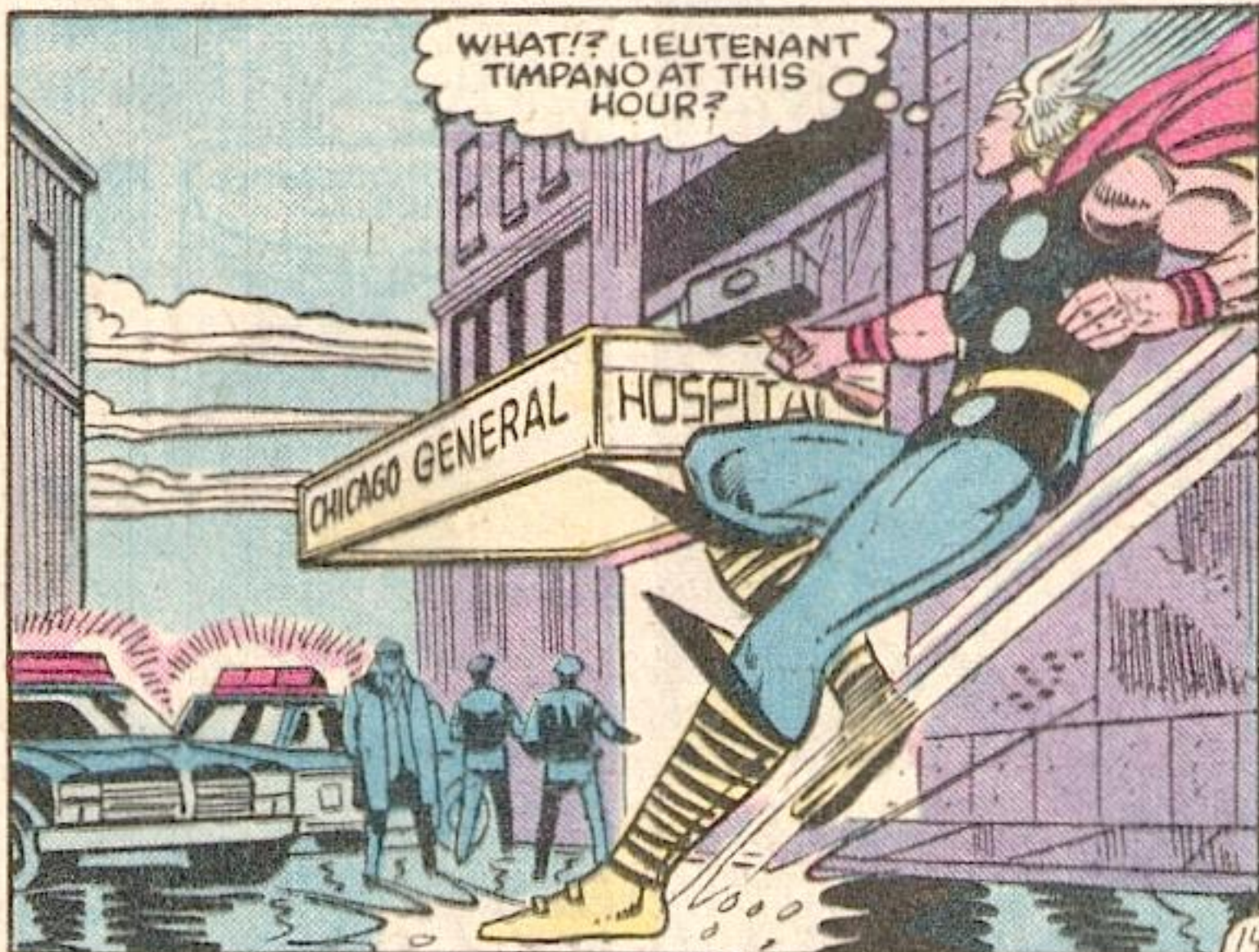
SLEEP WELL, MY GODDESS. THOUGH I YEARN DEARLY FOR THY LOVE...

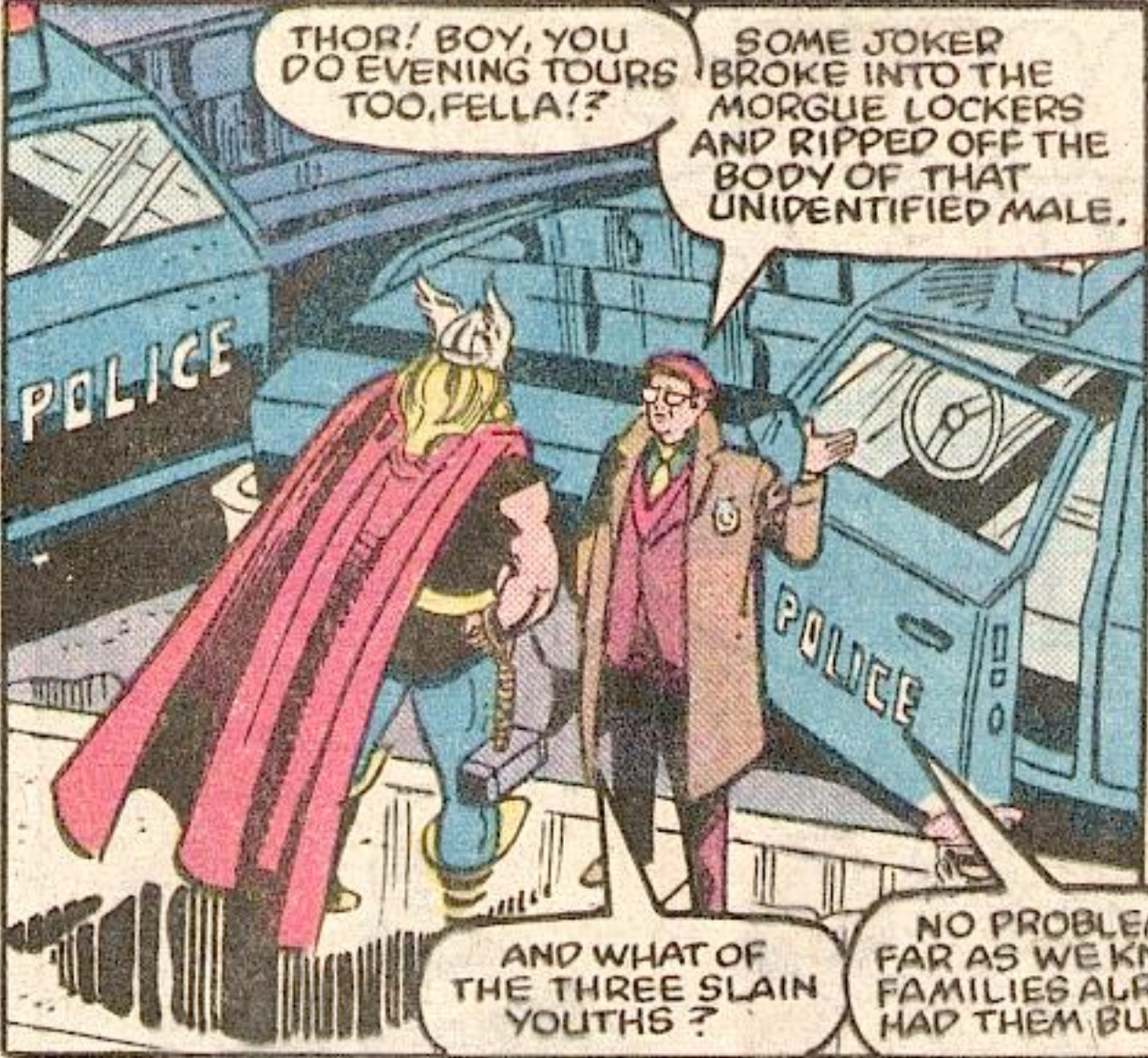
NOT UNTIL MY MIND KNOWS ITS PAST TRANQUILITY CAN I PERMIT OUR SMOLDERING PASSION ITS TRUE HOUR.

BUT BEFORE THOR FLIES AGAIN TO NEW YORK CITY, WHERE STEPHEN STRANGE DOES DWELL...

'TIS WELL THAT DONALD BLAKE SEES TO HIS NIGHT'S ROUNDS IN THE HOSPITAL.

WHAT!? LIEUTENANT TIMPANO AT THIS HOUR?



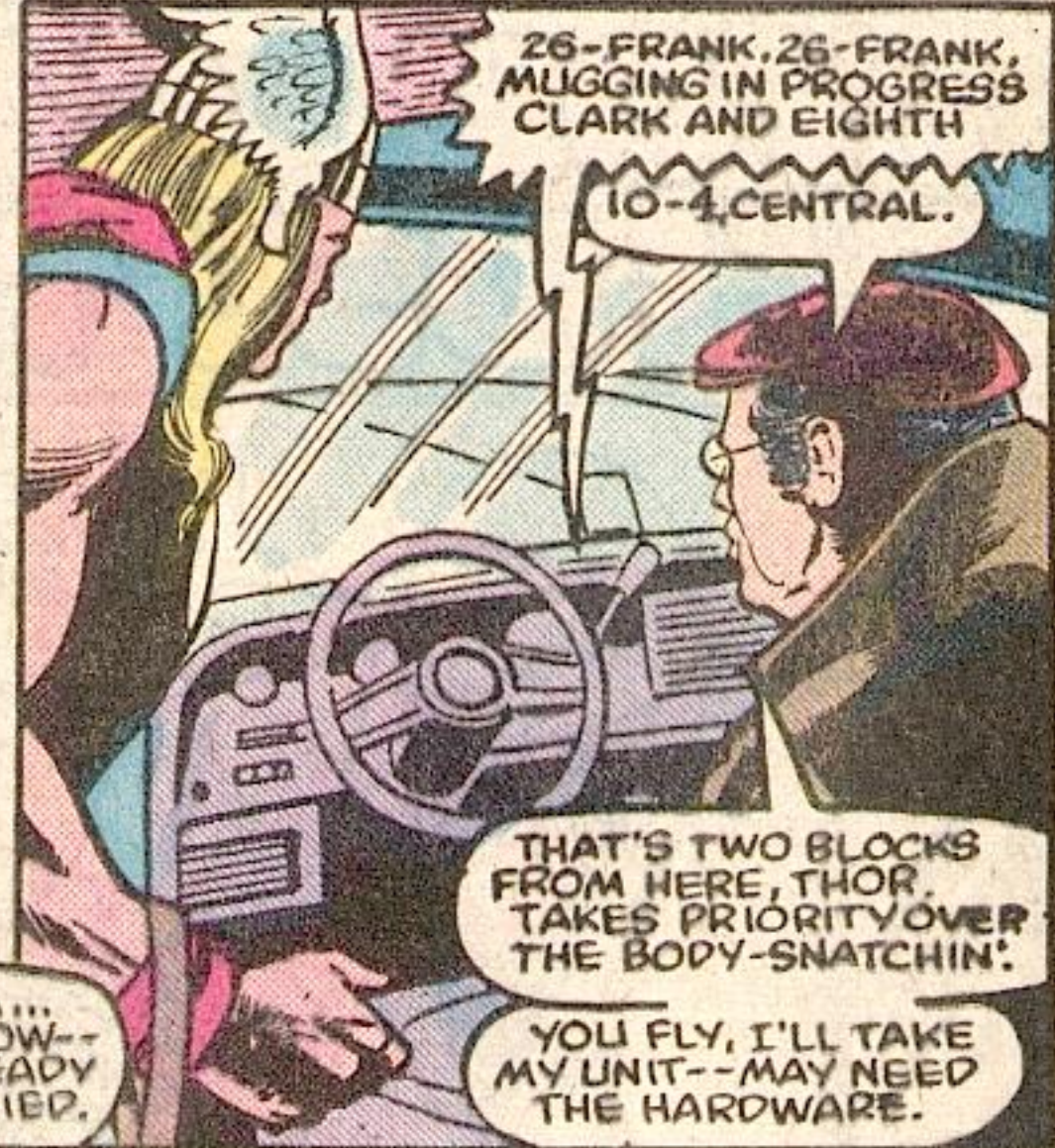


THOR! BOY, YOU DO EVENING TOURS TOO, FELLA!?

SOME JOKER BROKE INTO THE MORGUE LOCKERS AND RIPPED OFF THE BODY OF THAT UNIDENTIFIED MALE.

AND WHAT OF THE THREE SLAIN YOUTHS?

NO PROBLEM... FAR AS WE KNOW-- FAMILIES ALREADY HAD THEM BURIED.



26-FRANK, 26-FRANK, MUGGING IN PROGRESS CLARK AND EIGHTH 10-4, CENTRAL.

THAT'S TWO BLOCKS FROM HERE, THOR. TAKES PRIORITY OVER THE BODY-SNATCHIN'!

YOU FLY, I'LL TAKE MY UNIT-- MAY NEED THE HARDWARE.



SHRIEE SHRIEE



UNHAND THE WOMAN, VILLAIN!

OH... HELP... PLEASE...



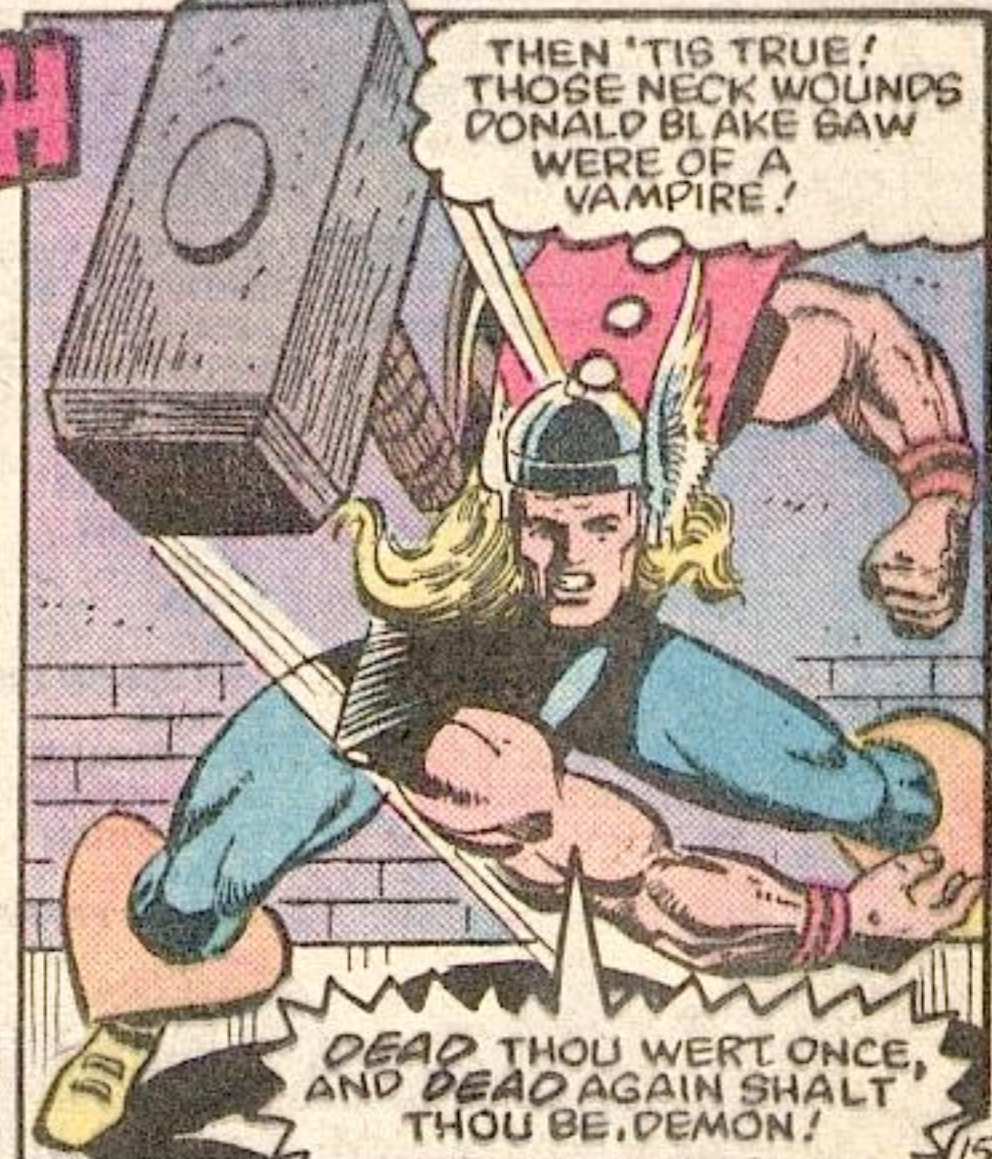
OKAY, MISTER, YOU HEARD HIM. DROP HER OR I'LL DROP YOU!

SWEET JUSTICE! THAT'S THE MISSING CORPSE!



ARRH

BTU BTU BTU



THEN 'TIS TRUE! THOSE NECK WOUNDS DONALD BLAKE SAW WERE OF A VAMPIRE!

DEAD THOU WERT ONCE, AND DEAD AGAIN SHALT THOU BE, DEMON!

BUT, WITH THE VERY SPEED OF A DEMON, THE LIVING DEAD MAN DODGES THE MIGHTY HAMMER...



... ONLY TO BE CAUGHT OFF GUARD...



... UPON ITS UNEXPECTED RETURN...



THE ENCHANTED MJOLNIR WAS ONCE A RELIGIOUS RELIC, AND WIELDED BY A STAUNCH BELIEVER IT HAS A PROFOUND EFFECT...

... AS THE MONSTER BURSTS TO FLAME AND ASHENS INTO DUST.



IF ONE HAS BECOME AN UNHOLY FIEND THIS NIGHT, 'TIS LIKELY THAT HIS FELLOW VICTIMS WILL WAKEN FROM THE DEAD AS WELL.

WHERE ARE THEY BURIED?

AT THAT MOMENT...



EVERYTHING'S QUIET, POLOWSKI, YOU MUSTA JUST BEEN HEARIN' THINGS AGAIN.

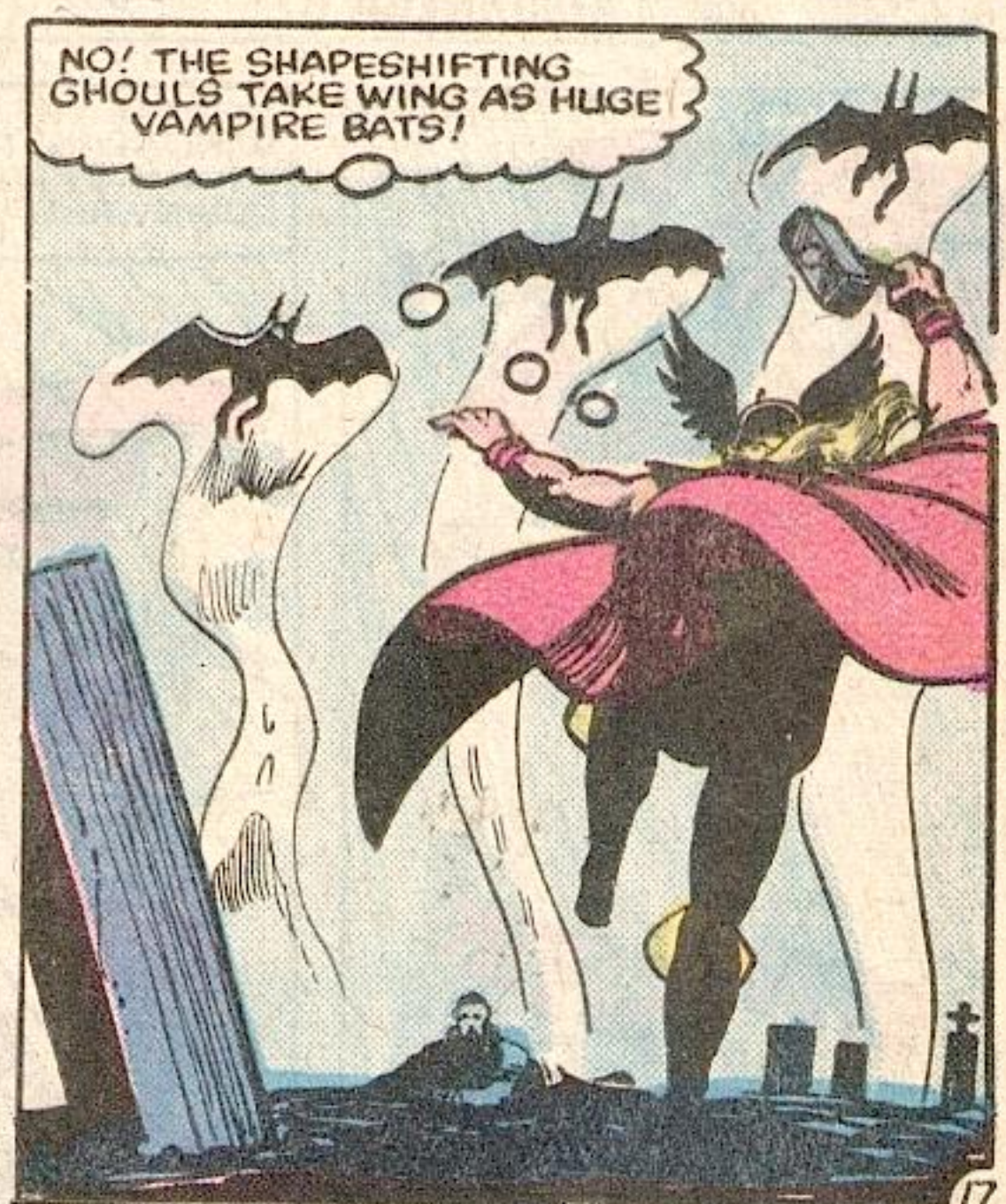
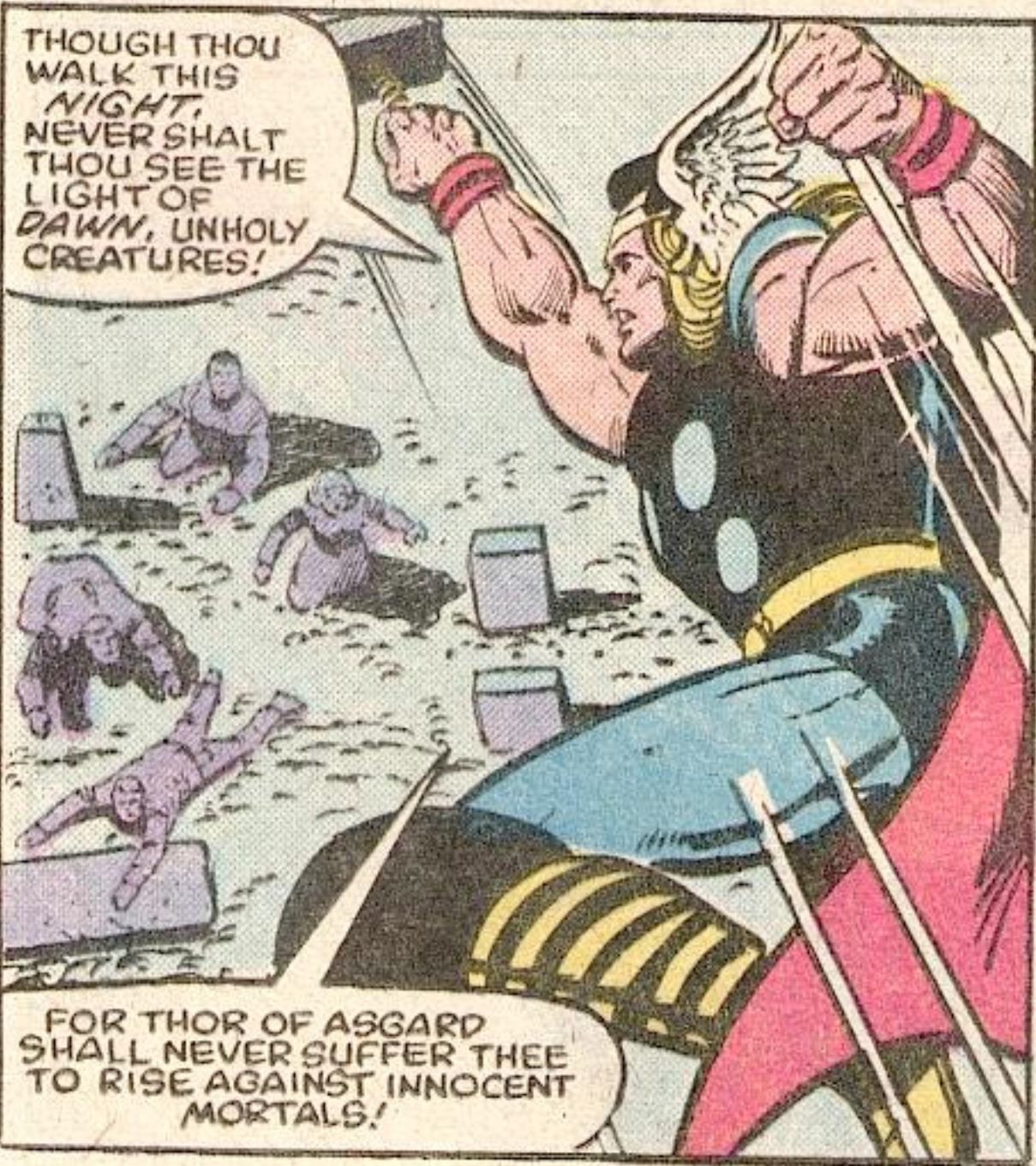
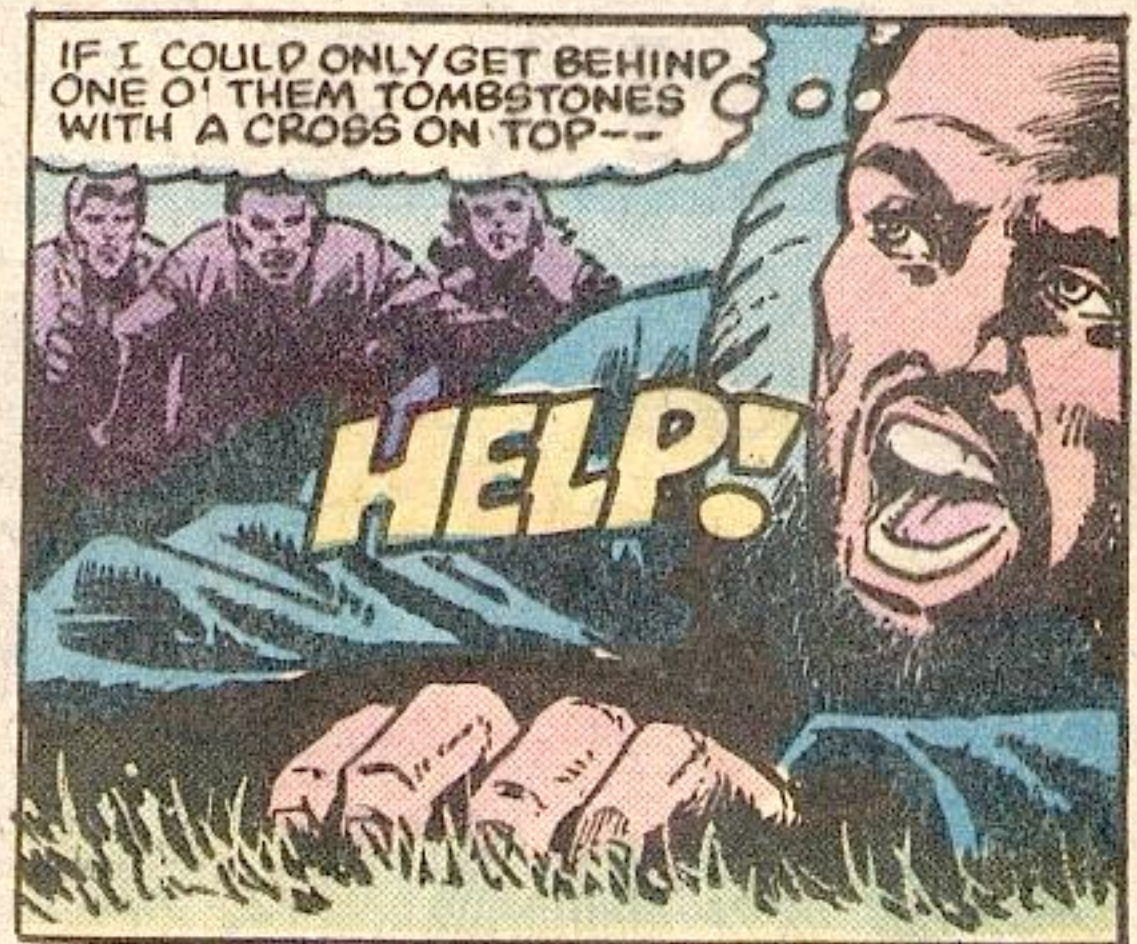


THOUGH, AFTER WHAT HAPPENED HERE LAST WEEK WITH THAT CRUSADER WEIRDO, YOU GOT A RIGHT TO BE JUMPY.

AH, THE POOR KIDS I BURIED YESTERDAY. DON'T MIND SO MUCH PLANTING THE OLD FOLKS-- POLOWSKI SAYS, YA GOTTA KICK SOMETIMES--

-- BUT NOT EVEN OUTTA HIGH SCHOOL...

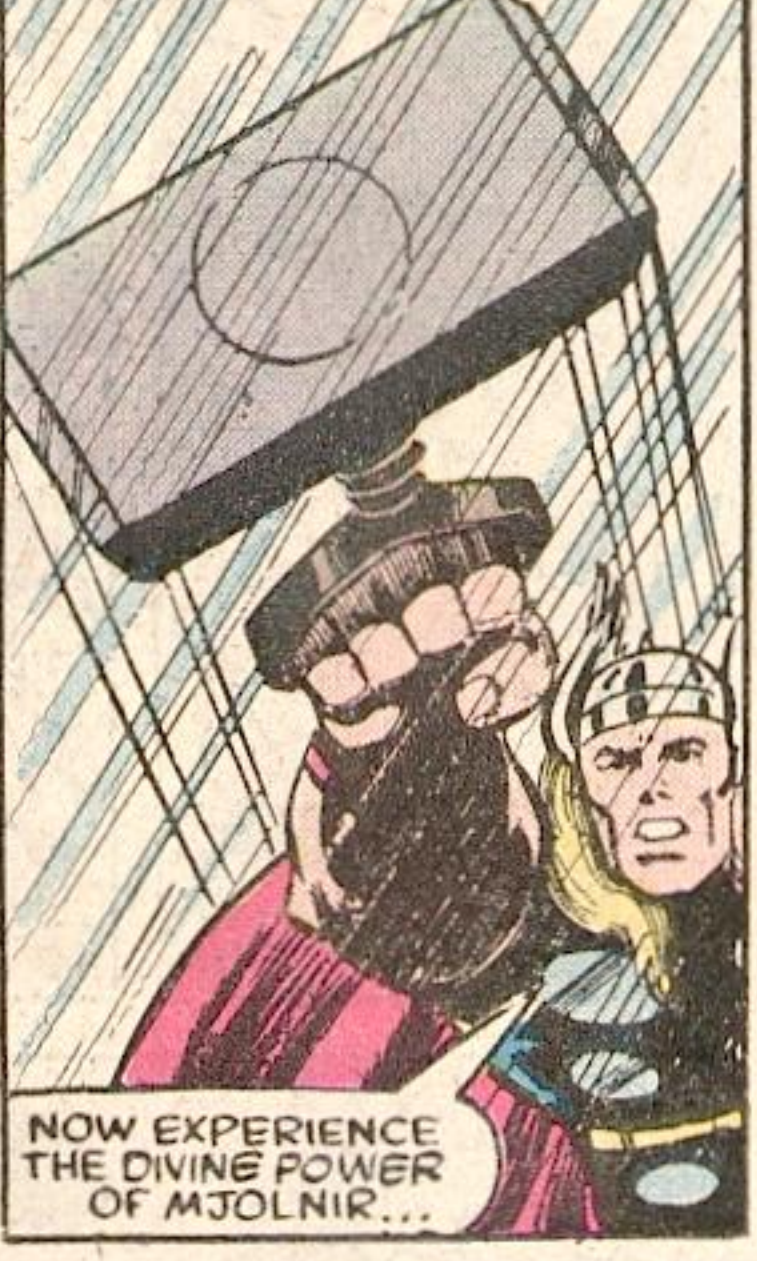
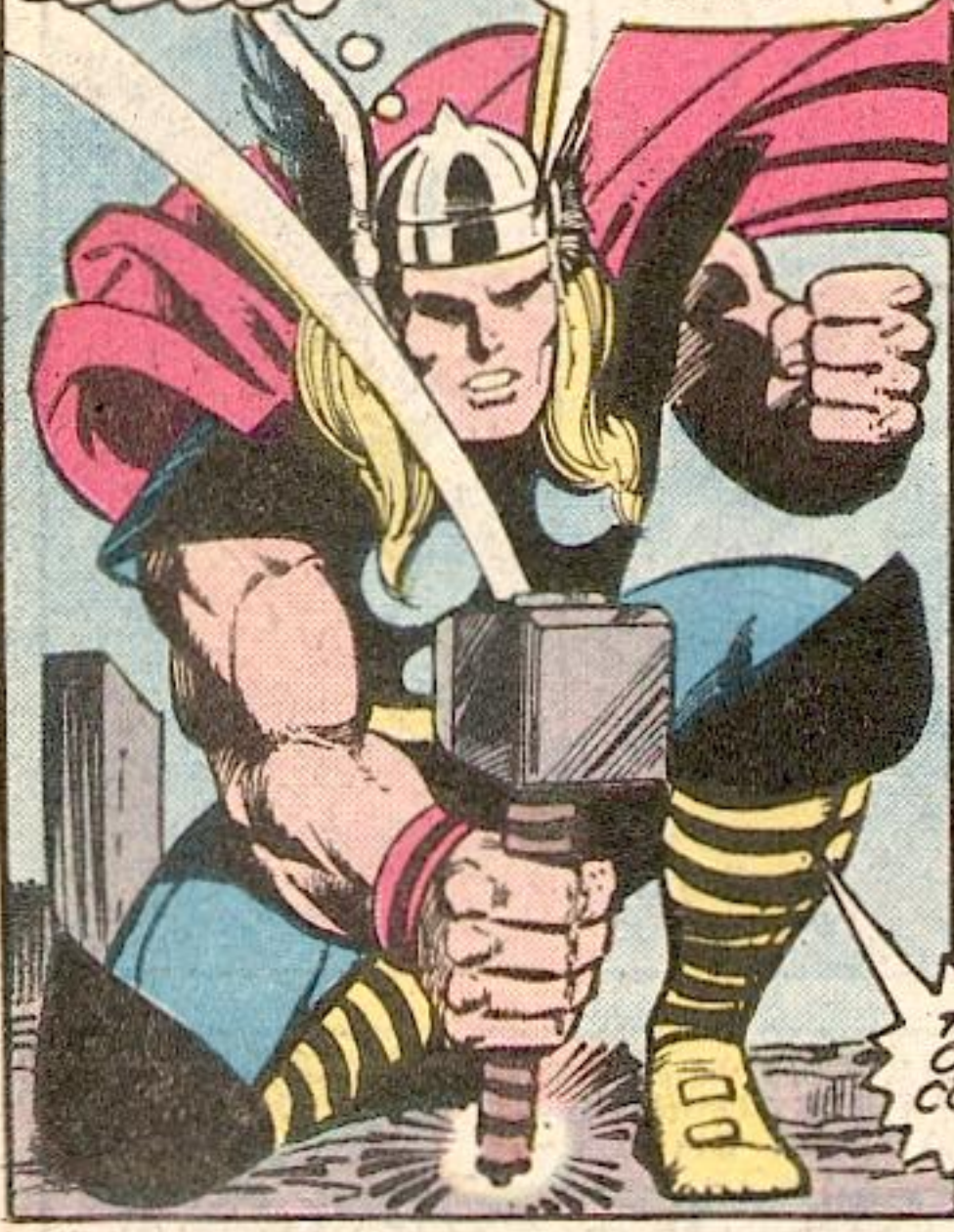




THEY MUST NOT ESCAPE!

LET THE FURY OF THE DRIVING RAIN...

...AND THE UNCEASING TORRENTS OF HEAVEN BEAT DOWN THESE UNHOLY SPIRITS!



SKREE

THE SON OF ODIN COMMANDS IT!

NOW EXPERIENCE THE DIVINE POWER OF MJOLNIR...

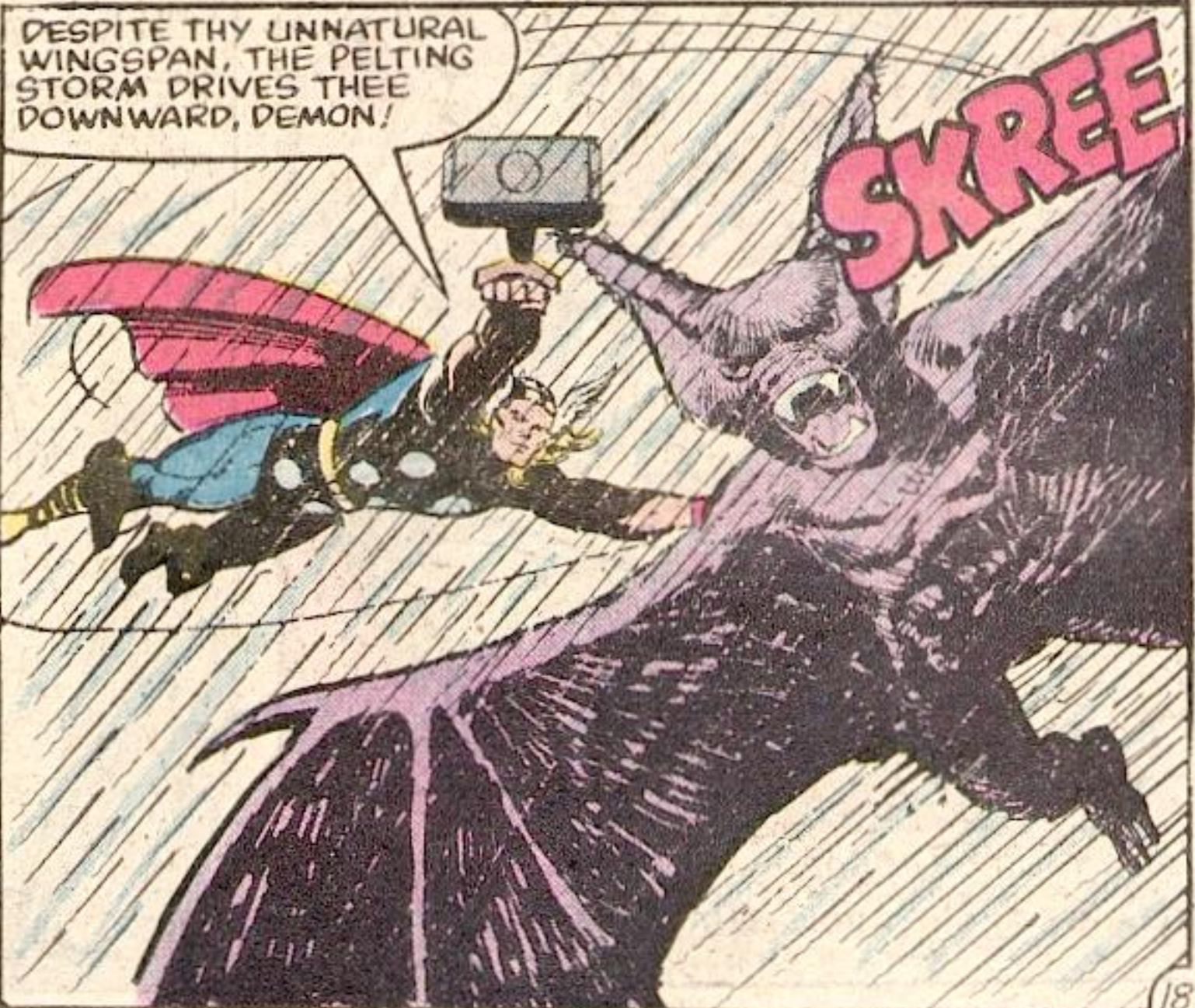


SKRIIK!

... AND RETURN, DEVIL, TO THE SHADOWS OF HADES WHERE ALL THE DEAD MUST DWELL!



SPAK SPAK



DESPITE THY INNATURAL WINGSPAN, THE PELTING STORM DRIVES THEE DOWNWARD, DEMON!

SKREE



THOU DOST POSSESS THE STRENGTH OF A THOUSAND FIENDS, BUT NOW--

--NO! MY HAMMER M'JOLNIR CARRIES ME ALOFT, YET IF I WIELD IT AS WEAPON AT THE SAME TIME--



-- THE MONSTER DRAGS, AND I FALL-- OOPH!



STILL, I MUST DESTROY THEE, INHUMAN HORROR, TO PRESERVE THE SACREDNESS OF MORTAL LIFE!



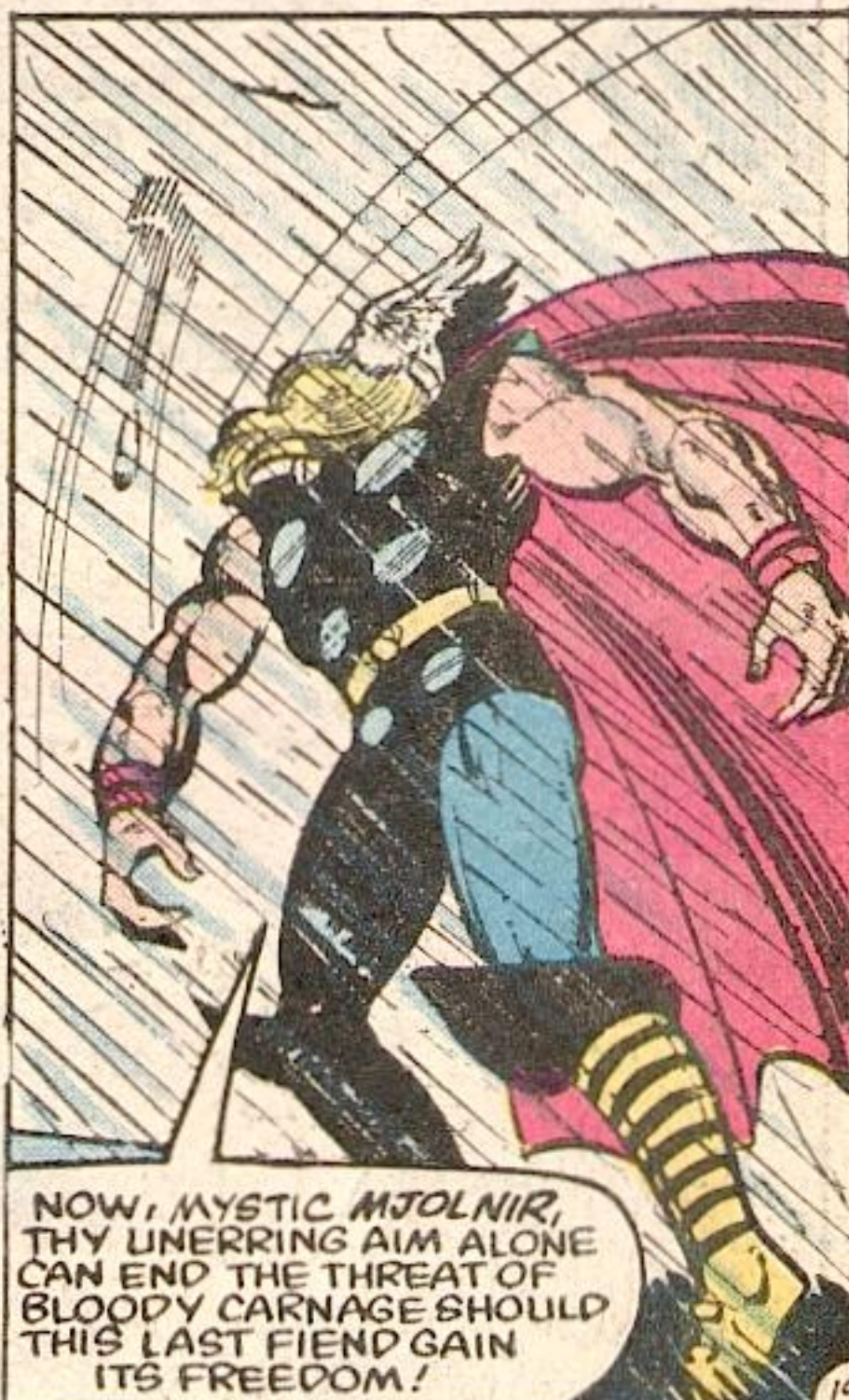
SKRIIK!



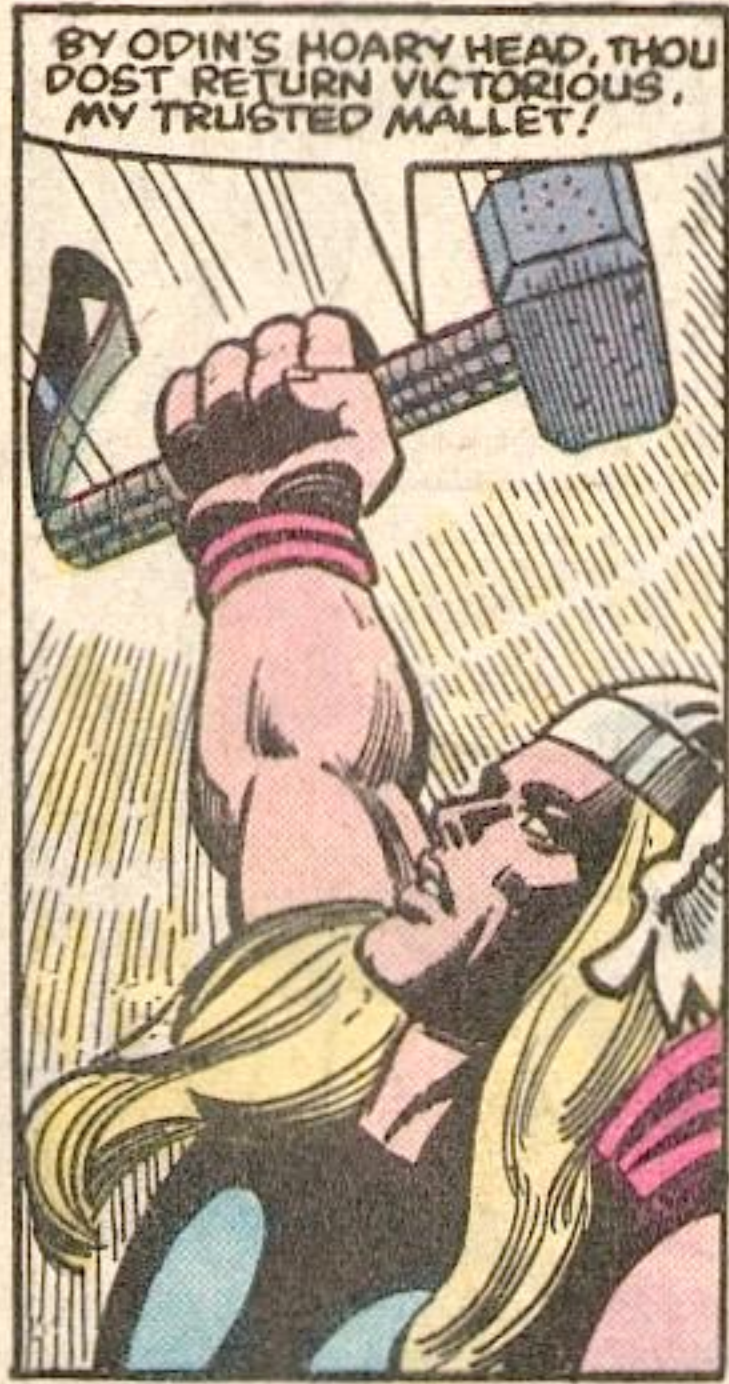
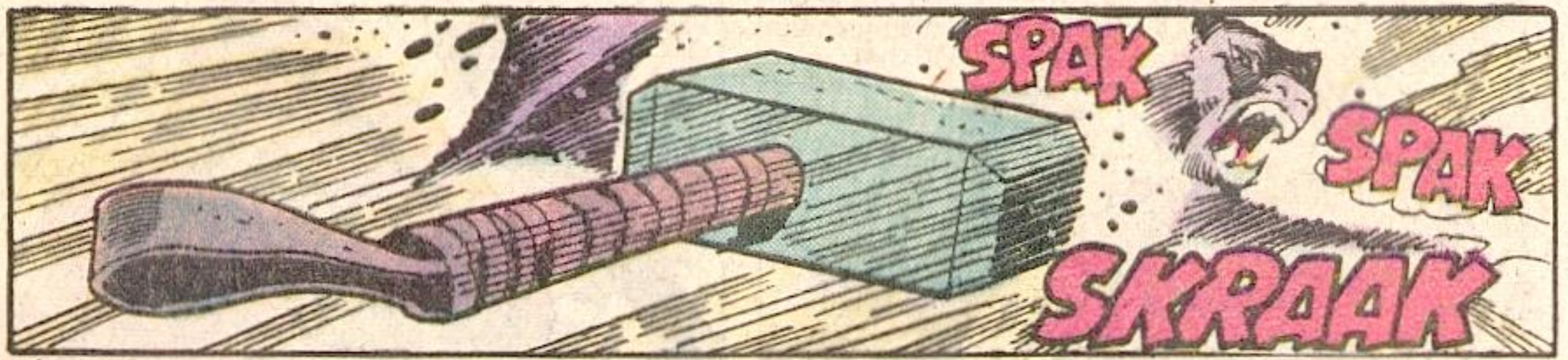
SPAK SPAK



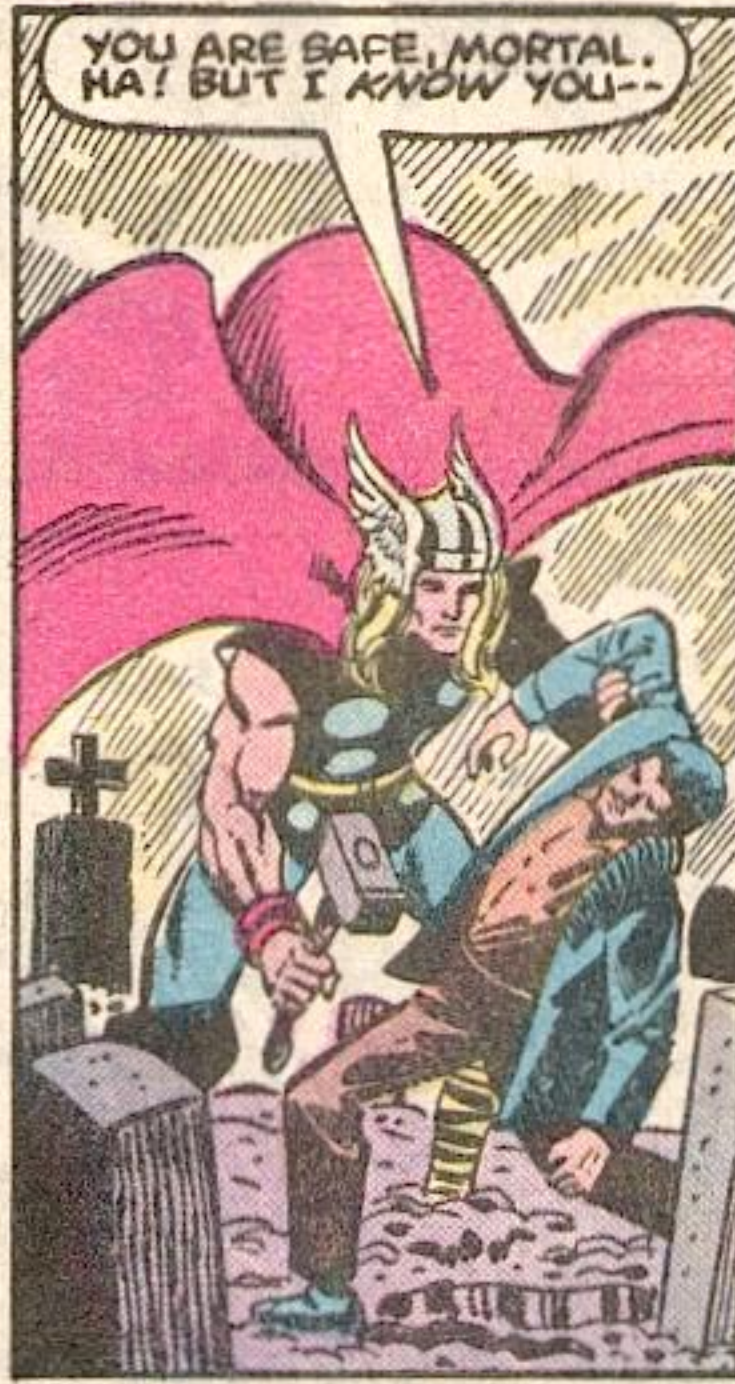
THE THIRD FLED AS I DID BATTLE WITH ITS HIDEOUS FELLOW!



NOW, MYSTIC M'JOLNIR, THY UNERRING AIM ALONE CAN END THE THREAT OF BLOODY CARNAGE SHOULD THIS LAST FIEND GAIN ITS FREEDOM!



BY ODIN'S HOARY HEAD, THOU DOST RETURN VICTORIOUS, MY TRUSTED MALLET!



YOU ARE SAFE, MORTAL. HA! BUT I KNOW YOU--

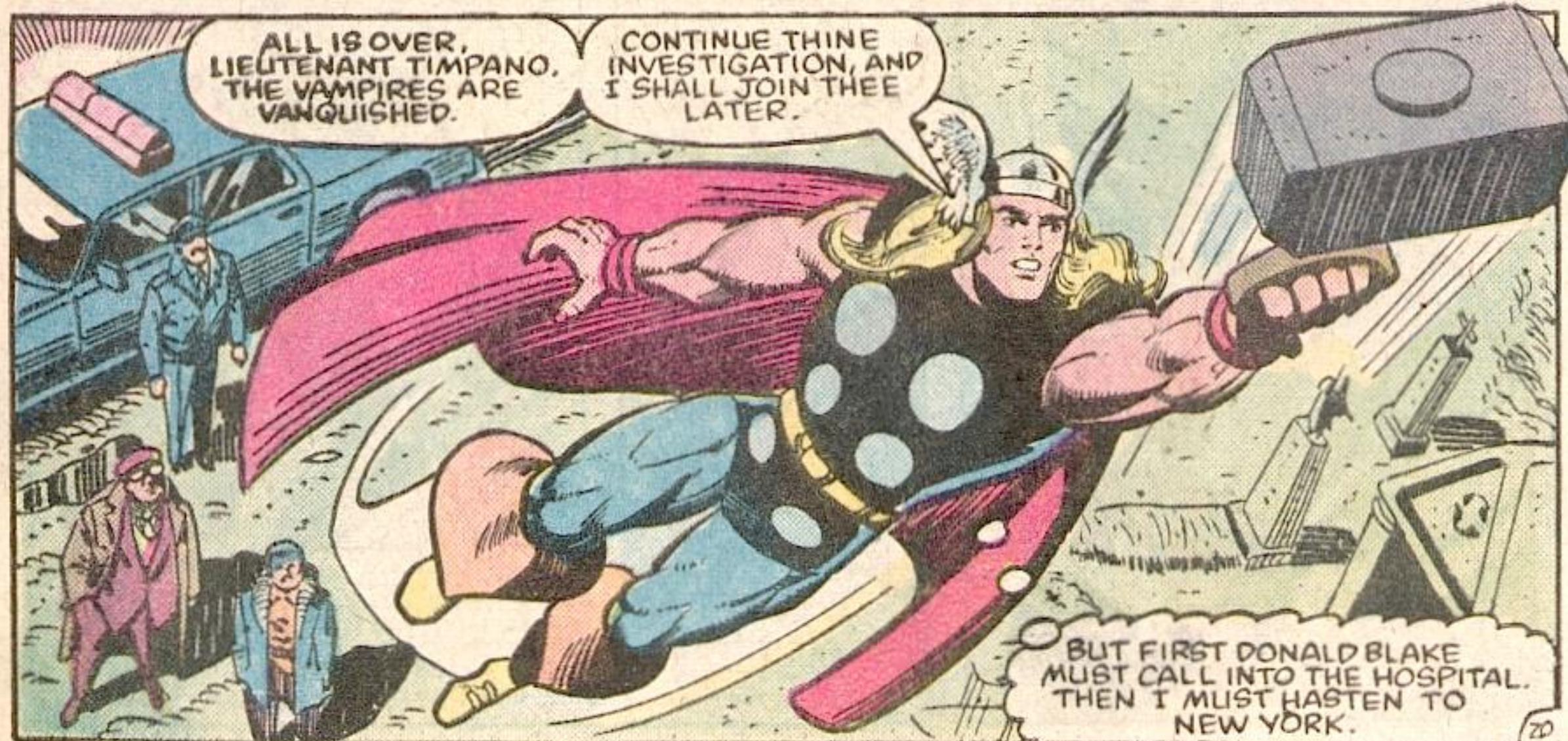


UH, YEAH, WE MET THE OTHER DAY WHEN I WAS, UM, KINDA, ASSISTIN'. YOU MIGHT SAY, THAT CRUSADER GUY, BUT--



BYGONES BE BYGONES, FRIEND.

PHEW! THANKS, THOR!



ALL IS OVER, LIEUTENANT TIMPANO. THE VAMPIRES ARE VANQUISHED.

CONTINUE THINE INVESTIGATION, AND I SHALL JOIN THEE LATER.

BUT FIRST DONALD BLAKE MUST CALL INTO THE HOSPITAL. THEN I MUST HASTEN TO NEW YORK.

MEANWHILE...

...THE MOON IS FULL THIS NIGHT...

...AND BATHED IN ITS GLOW AN IMMORTAL GODDESS SLEEPS...

...HER DARK LOCKS SPLASHING THE PILLOW AND HER WHITE SKIN GLISTENING LIKE IVORY.

HER DREAMS ARE PASSIONATE THIS NIGHT AND FULL OF LONGING...

...FOR IT SEEMS FOREVER SINCE HER PRINCE LAST CRUSHED HER IN HIS ARM AND SWORE AWAY ALL ELSE BUT HIS UNDYING LOVE.

UHHM... THOR?

TAP TAP

UHHM... ENTER, MY PRINCE...

...ENTER...

... UHHMZZ...

THE MOON IS FULL
THIS NIGHT...

SUDDENLY, A FIGURE AS
MAJESTIC AS IT IS MALE-
VOLENT, AS COMELY AS
IT IS CRUEL...

...BENDS OVER SIF'S GRACEFUL,
SLEEPING FORM AND LIFTS HER
GENTLY TO HIS LIPS...



...AND BATHED IN ITS GLOW
AN EVIL TRANSFORMATION
TAKES PLACE...

MY RAVISHING
GODDESS! NOW YOU
ARE MINE!



Next THE PRINCE OF ASGARD VERSUS THE PRINCE OF DARKNESS!